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FROM BAD TO WORSE!

As Spider-Man continues to search for Aunt May, things go downhill fast for the wall-crawler!

Everyone's favorite symbiote, Venom, is back – as only Millar and Dodson could envision him. Hold on to your spit, there's a beatdown coming for at least one guy with a spider on his chest! Featuring Black Cat, Venom, Doctor Octopus and the X-Men!

Collecting *Marvel Knights Spider-Man #5-8* – written by Mark Millar (*The Ultimates*), and illustrated by Terry Dodson (*Spider-Man/Black Cat: The Evil That Men Do*) and Frank Cho (*Liberty Meadows*).

MARVEL PSR

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VOL 2

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SPIDER-MAN®

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MARVEL KNIGHTS®
MARVEL PSR 5
MARK MILLAR • FRANK CHO
SPIDER-MAN®
VENOMOUS
PART 1

PREVIOUSLY IN SPIDER-MAN

"VENOMOUS"

Aunt May is missing, kidnapped by an old foe who has discovered Spider-Man's secret identity and is using this knowledge to destroy him. Frustrated and exhausted, Spider-Man has been led on a wild goose-chase around New York by The Owl and left for dead after a confrontation with both The Vulture and Electro. One thing is certain: He would never have survived without the intervention of his former lover, The Black Cat, but can she be trusted when she has such close links with The Owl?

WRITER
MARK MILLAR

ARTIST
FRANK CHO

COLORIST
LAURA MARTIN

LETTERER
VC's CORY PETIT

ASST. EDITOR
WARREN SIMONS

EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO

CHIEF
JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

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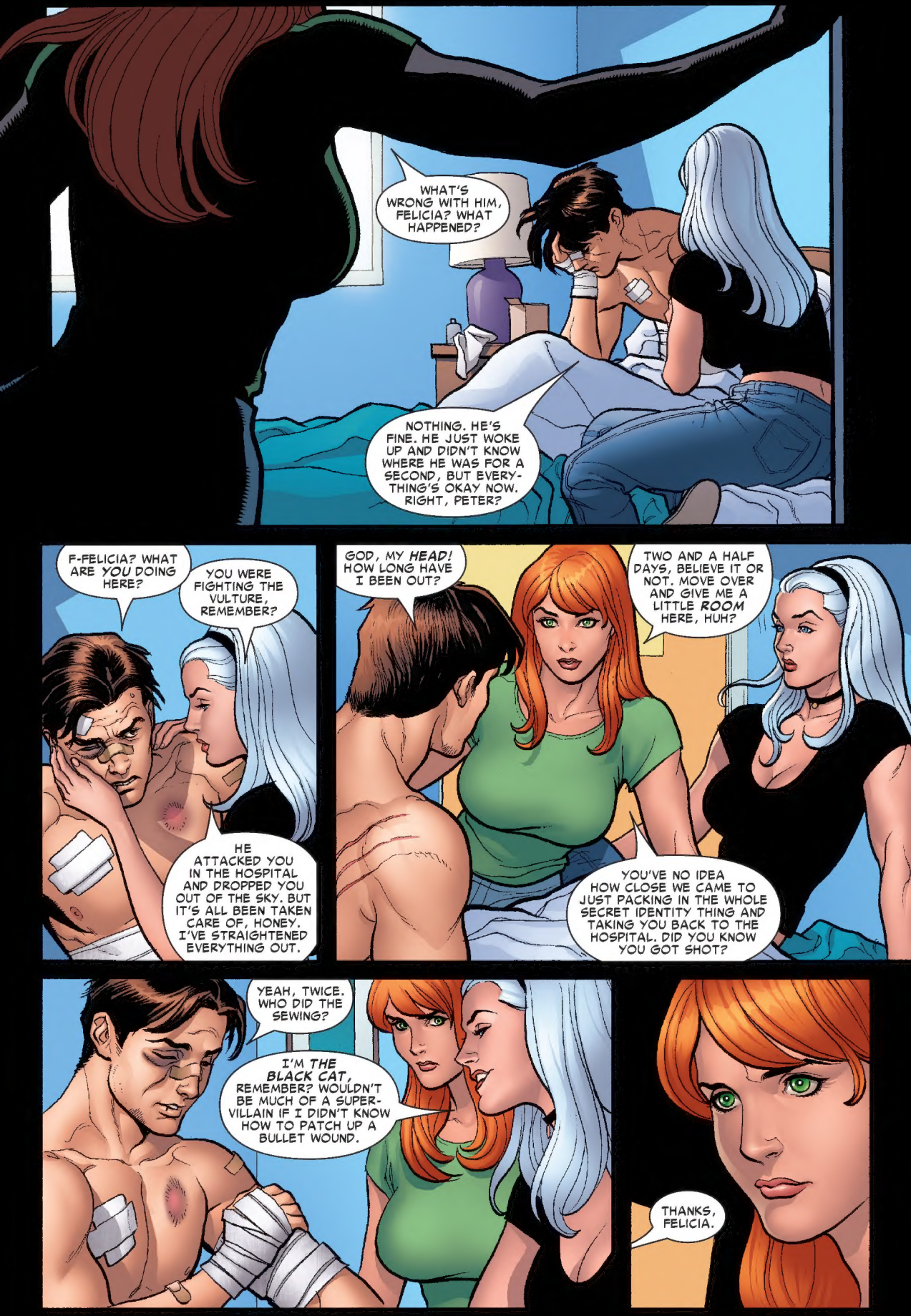
VENOMOUS
PART ONE OF FOUR
JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
SMASH TERRORISM
RICHARD DEEN
VENOM
MR. MARC NATHAN
MIKE McSWIGGIN

IS THIS SOME KIND OF *JOKE?* ARE YOU TRYING TO GET A *RISE* OUT OF ME OR SOMETHING?
UH, NO WAY, MISTER BROCK. IT'S JUST THEY TOLD ME YOUR REAL NAME WAS STILL A *SECRET,* SO I THOUGHT THIS MIGHT SEEM LIKE A CLEVER *DOUBLE-BLUFF.*
LOOK, JUST SHUT UP AND MAKE A CALL TO WHOEVER IT IS THAT'S *FUNDING* THIS LITTLE ENTERPRISE.
TELL THEM I WANT STRAWBERRIES AND CHAMPAGNE *COOLING* IN THE *FRIDGE,* THE SUITE SPRINKLED WITH *ROSE PETALS,* AND *RACHMANINOFF* PLAYING GENTLY IN THE *ELEVATOR.*
NO SENSE MAKING MY LAST FEW DAYS ON EARTH ANY MORE UNPLEASANT THAN THEY *HAVE* TO BE, RIGHT?

Not a lot of people know this, but there's a microscopic part of me that never really sleeps no matter how exhausted I am.
It's a basic survival skill I've nicknamed my spider-sense, and it keeps me up to speed on anything that's happening in my immediate vicinity.
Example: Right now, I'm in a deep, delta-wave dream about Johnny Storm's old flame from The Inhumans, but I know for a fact that Mary Jane is tearing open an envelope.
Her heart's racing. Her fingers are a little clumsy. The flesh on her arms is starting to goose-pimple and one side of my brain sends a telegraph to the other.
HIS IS A FINAL NOTICE
UR ACCOUNT WILL BE TURNED
VER TO A COLLECTION AGENCY
"WAKE UP, PARKER," it screams in uppercase letters. "WAKE UP AND FIND OUT WHAT THE PROBLEM IS HERE!"
Being a good boy, I oblige...
THIS IS A FINAL NOTICE
MARY JANE!!
OH MY GOD.


WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM, FELICIA? WHAT HAPPENED?
NOTHING. HE'S FINE. HE JUST WOKE UP AND DIDN'T KNOW WHERE HE WAS FOR A SECOND, BUT EVERYTHING'S OKAY NOW. RIGHT, PETER?
F-FELICIA? WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?
YOU WERE FIGHTING THE VULTURE, REMEMBER?
HE ATTACKED YOU IN THE HOSPITAL AND DROPPED YOU OUT OF THE SKY. BUT IT'S ALL BEEN TAKEN CARE OF, HONEY. I'VE STRAIGHTENED EVERYTHING OUT.
GOD, MY *HEAD!* HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN OUT?
TWO AND A HALF DAYS, BELIEVE IT OR NOT. MOVE OVER AND GIVE ME A LITTLE *ROOM* HERE, HUH?
YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW CLOSE WE CAME TO JUST PACKING IN THE WHOLE SECRET IDENTITY THING AND TAKING YOU BACK TO THE HOSPITAL. DID YOU KNOW YOU GOT SHOT?
YEAH, TWICE. WHO DID THE SEWING?
I'M *THE BLACK CAT,* REMEMBER? WOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A SUPER-VILLAIN IF I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO PATCH UP A BULLET WOUND.
THANKS, FELICIA.

OH MY GOD! WHAT ABOUT AUNT MAY? HAVE THERE BEEN ANY MORE MESSAGES FROM THE KIDNAPPER?
NO, NOTHING. THINGS ARE JUST THE WAY THEY WERE, PETER. NOTHING HAPPENED THE WHOLE TIME YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS.
WELL, I'D HARDLY SAY NOTHING HAPPENED...

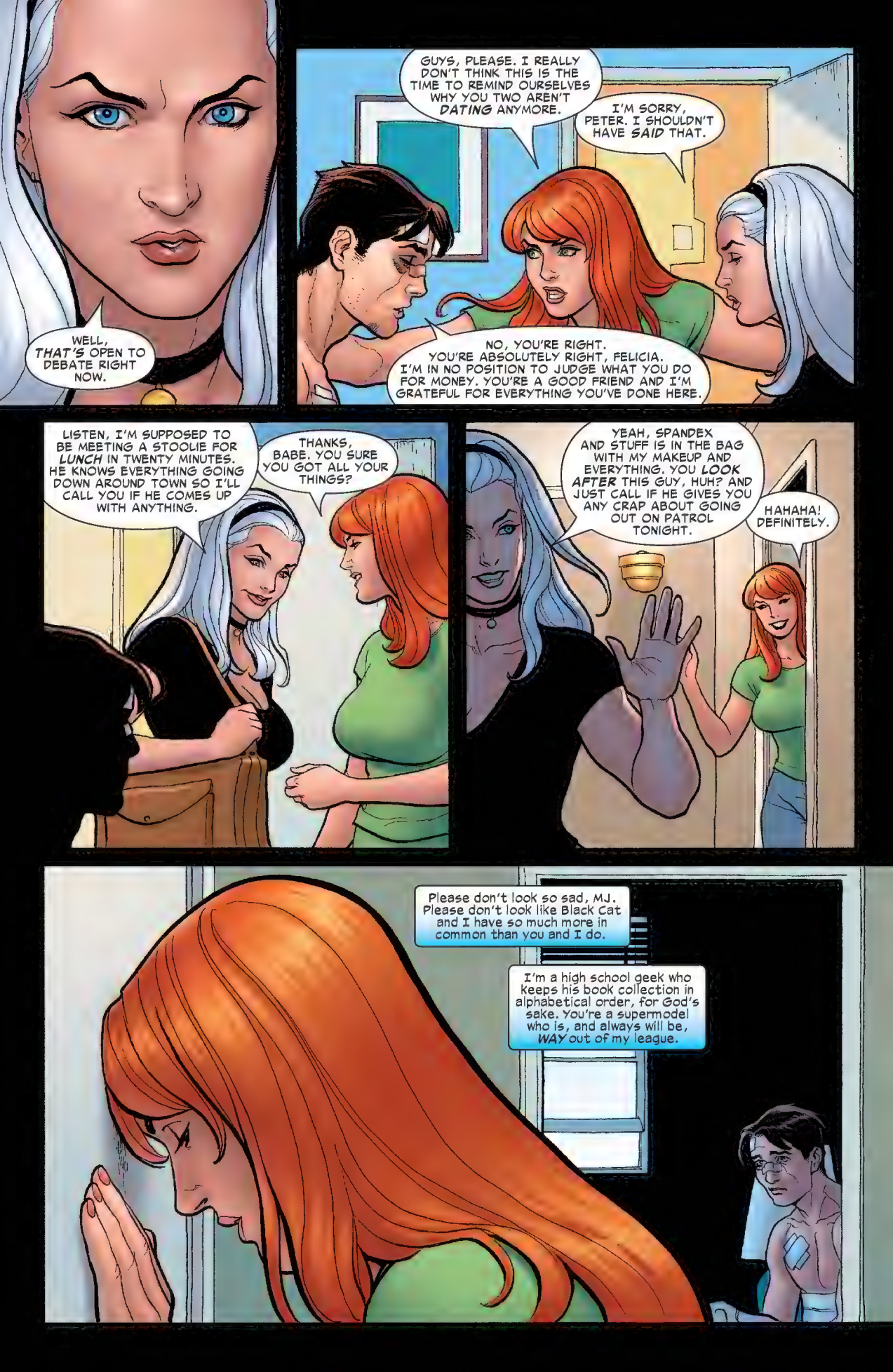
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
C'MON, MARY JANE. YOU WERE GOING TO HAVE TO TELL HIM SOONER OR LATER.

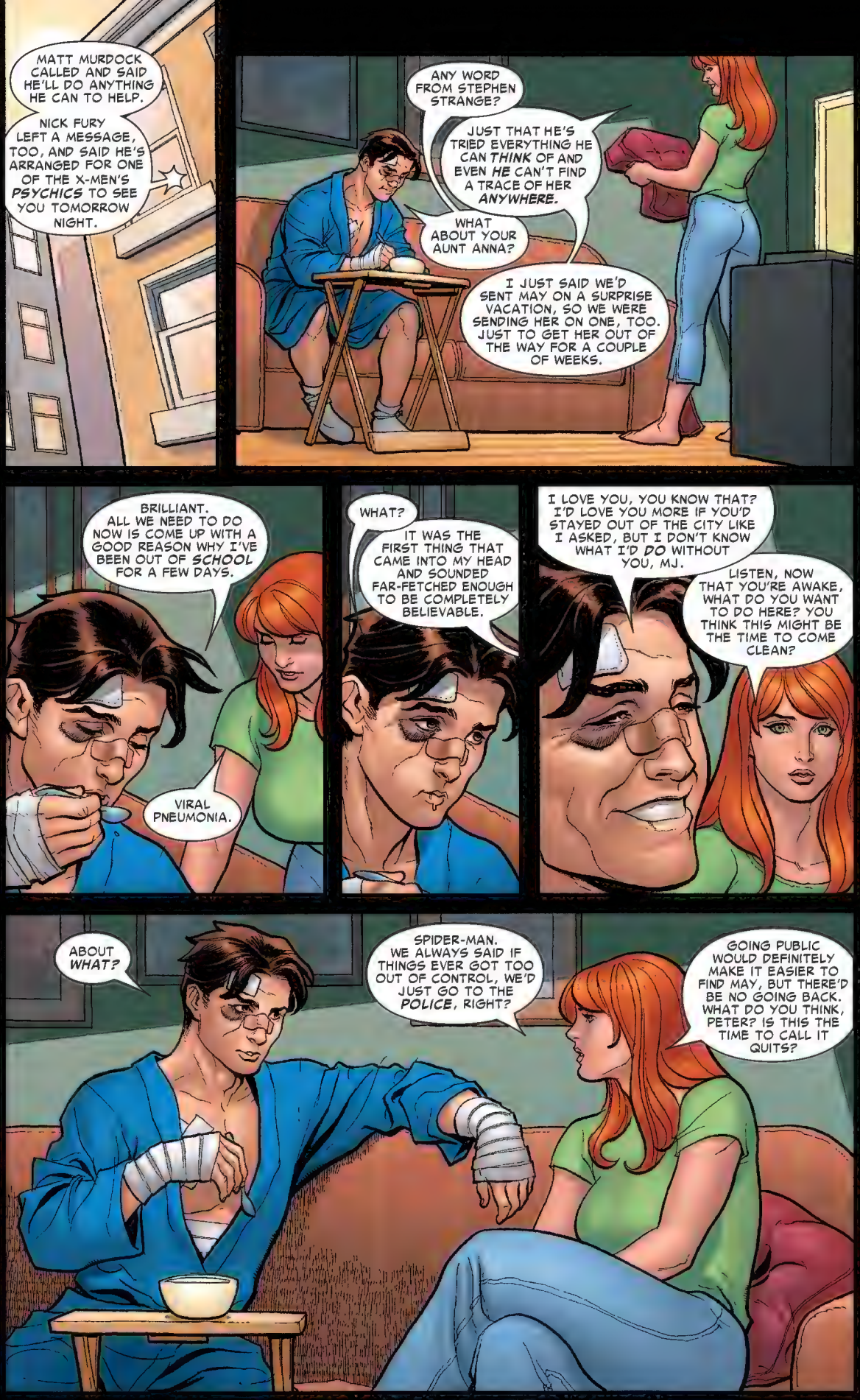
CRAPPY NEWS...
DAILY BUGLE
SPIDER-MAN UNMASKED

SPIDER-MAN UNMASKED
OH GOD. WHERE DID THEY GET THIS?

I DUNNO. SOMEBODY AT THE HOSPITAL, I GUESS.
I'M FINISHED. THE SECRET'S OUT. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE THE CITY, MARY JANE. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE EVERY LUNATIC IN A PAIR OF TIGHTS COMES AFTER US.
DAILY BUGL
COLLEGE FINAL
ST. JOHNS WINS!

WILL YOU RELAX? NOBODY KNOWS THE SECRET. YOUR FACE IS TOO BEATEN UP FROM ELECTRO TO BE IDENTIFIED.
THE ONLY THING THEY KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT YOU'RE NOT CHINESE! THAT'S WHY THEY'RE RUNNING THE BIG COMPETITION.
WHAT COMPETITION?
J. JONAH JAMESON IS OFFERING FIVE MILLION BUCKS TO ANYONE WHO IDENTIFIES THE GUY IN THE PICTURE. HE'S OFFERING A REWARD FOR SPIDER-MAN'S SECRET IDENTITY.
WHAT? AGAIN?
THE WHOLE CITY'S GOING NUTS ABOUT IT, PETER. IT'S ALL OVER THE NEWS AND JAMESON'S ON EVERY CHANNEL GRINNING LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT.
MAN, I JUST WANT TO GO BACK TO SLEEP AGAIN.
DAILY BUGLE
$5 MILLION CASH OFFER
SPIDER-MAN UNMASKED
TAKE IT EASY. YOU'LL GET THROUGH THIS. EVEN THE OWL SAYS HE'S GOING TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR YOUR MISSING PERSONS AS A THANK-YOU FOR HELPING US BAG ELECTRO AND THE VULTURE.
YOU'RE WORKING FOR THE OWL NOW?
JUST A FEW JOBS HERE AND THERE. HE KNOWS WHAT I'LL DO AND WHAT I'M NOT GOING TO DO. HE'S ACTUALLY VERY RESPECTFUL.
HE'S A GANG BOSS, FELICIA. HE'S ORDERED PEOPLE'S EXECUTIONS.
SO'S HALF THE ELECTED OFFICIALS IN THIS COUNTRY, PETER. I DON'T JUDGE HOW YOU LIVE YOUR LIFE.
DIFFERENCE IS I DON'T HURT PEOPLE FOR A LIVING.


WELL, THAT'S OPEN TO DEBATE RIGHT NOW.
GUYS, PLEASE. I REALLY DON'T THINK THIS IS THE TIME TO REMIND OURSELVES WHY YOU TWO AREN'T DATING ANYMORE.
I'M SORRY, PETER. I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT.
NO, YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, FELICIA. I'M IN NO POSITION TO JUDGE WHAT YOU DO FOR MONEY. YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND AND I'M GRATEFUL FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE HERE.
LISTEN, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE MEETING A STOOLIE FOR LUNCH IN TWENTY MINUTES. HE KNOWS EVERYTHING GOING DOWN AROUND TOWN SO I'LL CALL YOU IF HE COMES UP WITH ANYTHING.
THANKS, BABE. YOU SURE YOU GOT ALL YOUR THINGS?
YEAH, SPANDEX AND STUFF IS IN THE BAG WITH MY MAKEUP AND EVERYTHING. YOU LOOK AFTER THIS GUY, HUH? AND JUST CALL IF HE GIVES YOU ANY CRAP ABOUT GOING OUT ON PATROL TONIGHT.
HAHAHA! DEFINITELY.
Please don't look so sad, MJ. Please don't look like Black Cat and I have so much more in common than you and I do.
I'm a high school geek who keeps his book collection in alphabetical order, for God's sake. You're a supermodel who is, and always will be, WAY out of my league.

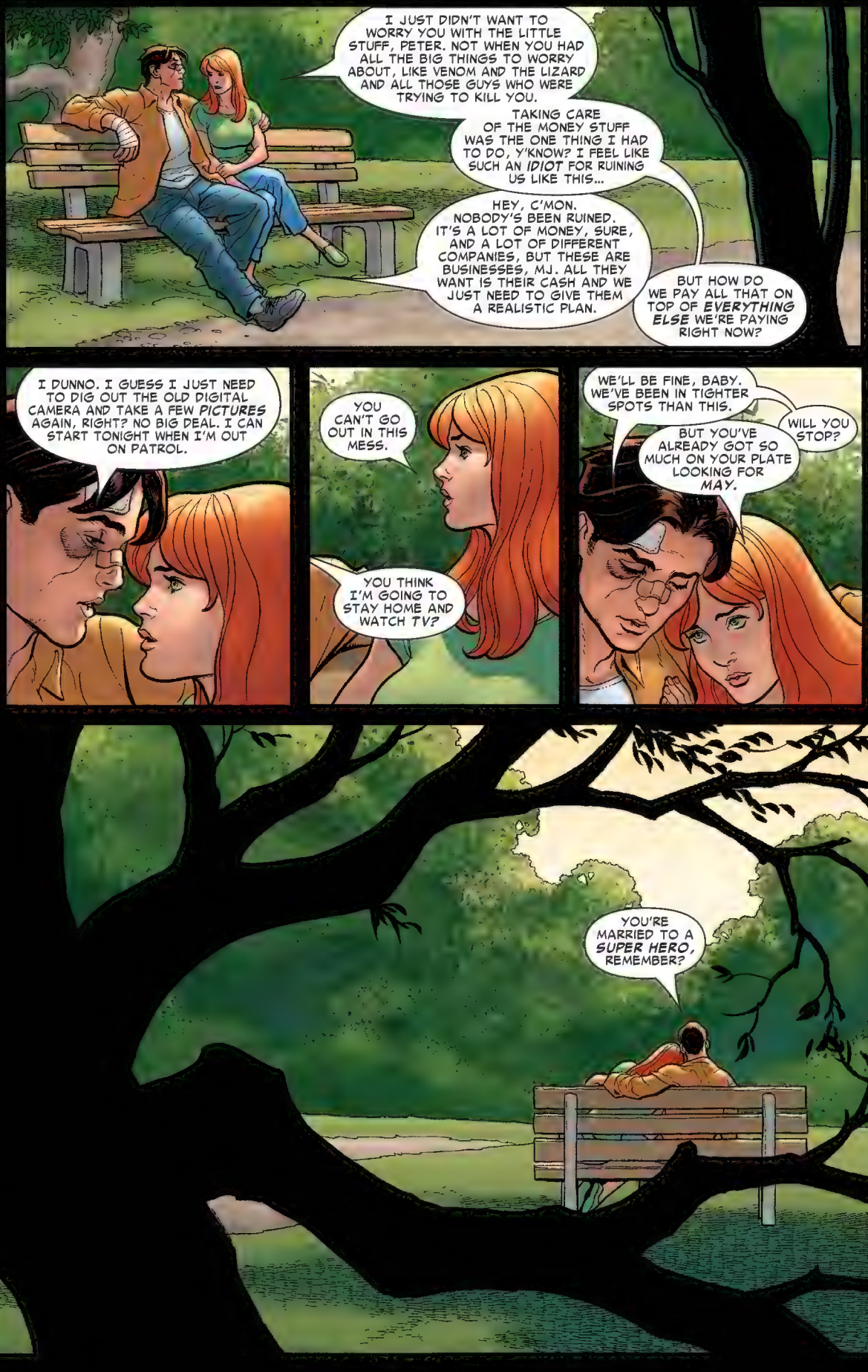

MATT MURDOCK CALLED AND SAID HE'LL DO ANYTHING HE CAN TO HELP.
NICK FURY LEFT A MESSAGE, TOO, AND SAID HE'S ARRANGED FOR ONE OF THE X-MEN'S PSYCHICS TO SEE YOU TOMORROW NIGHT.
ANY WORD FROM STEPHEN STRANGE?
JUST THAT HE'S TRIED EVERYTHING HE CAN THINK OF AND EVEN HE CAN'T FIND A TRACE OF HER ANYWHERE.
WHAT ABOUT YOUR AUNT ANNA?
I JUST SAID WE'D SENT MAY ON A SURPRISE VACATION, SO WE WERE SENDING HER ON ONE, TOO. JUST TO GET HER OUT OF THE WAY FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS.
BRILLIANT. ALL WE NEED TO DO NOW IS COME UP WITH A GOOD REASON WHY I'VE BEEN OUT OF SCHOOL FOR A FEW DAYS.
VIRAL PNEUMONIA.
WHAT?
IT WAS THE FIRST THING THAT CAME INTO MY HEAD AND SOUNDED FAR-FETCHED ENOUGH TO BE COMPLETELY BELIEVABLE.
I LOVE YOU, YOU KNOW THAT? I'D LOVE YOU MORE IF YOU'D STAYED OUT OF THE CITY LIKE I ASKED, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU, MJ.
LISTEN, NOW THAT YOU'RE AWAKE, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO HERE? YOU THINK THIS MIGHT BE THE TIME TO COME CLEAN?
ABOUT WHAT?
SPIDER-MAN. WE ALWAYS SAID IF THINGS EVER GOT TOO OUT OF CONTROL, WE'D JUST GO TO THE POLICE, RIGHT?
GOING PUBLIC WOULD DEFINITELY MAKE IT EASIER TO FIND MAY, BUT THERE'D BE NO GOING BACK. WHAT DO YOU THINK, PETER? IS THIS THE TIME TO CALL IT QUITS?

I DON'T THINK SO. THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE PSYCHOPATH FINDS OUT WHO I REALLY AM. GOING PUBLIC JUST OPENS UP EVERYONE WE KNOW TO EVERY LUNATIC I'VE EVER FOUGHT.
AS LONG AS YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, BABY.
IN THE MEANTIME, I SAY WE SIT DOWN AND TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH HERE. LET'S RUN THROUGH EVERYBODY WHO KNOWS YOUR SECRET IDENTITY AND SEE IF WE CAN FIGURE THIS OUT BY OURSELVES.
OKAY, DOCTOR OCTOPUS, THE VULTURE, THE SCORPION, THE SHOCKER, ELECTRO AND SANDMAN DON'T KNOW YOU FROM ADAM, RIGHT? BUT THE GREEN GOBLIN KNOWS THE TRUTH. WHAT ABOUT HIM?
ACTUALLY, HE WAS MY FIRST CHOICE, BUT OSBORN WAS IN POLICE CUSTODY WHEN AUNT MAY DISAPPEARED, SO THERE'S NO WAY HE COULD HAVE DONE THIS.
WHAT ABOUT ONE OF HIS PSYCHO FRIENDS? YOU KNOW, AS REVENGE FOR CATCHING HIM AND RUINING HIS BUSINESS AND EVERYTHING?
IT STILL DOESN'T ADD UP. WE'D HAVE HEARD SOMETHING BY NOW. OSBORN'S BEEN MAD AT ME A MILLION TIMES AND NEVER PULLED A STUNT LIKE THIS BEFORE. THIS SMACKS OF SOMEBODY WHO JUST FOUND OUT.
WHAT ABOUT HARRY OSBORN?
HARRY'S DEAD, MJ.
YEAH, I KNOW, BUT WE ALL THOUGHT NORMAN WAS DEAD FOR A LONG TIME, TOO. HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED THE WAY OUR SOCIAL CIRCLE KINDA HAS A HABIT OF COMING BACK?
NO, NOT THIS TIME, HONEY. I SAW THEM PUT HARRY IN THE GROUND. THIS DEFINITELY ISN'T HIM. TRUST ME.
WHAT ABOUT VENOM?
YOU THINK HE WOULD DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

DEET DEET!
DEET DEET!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? AREN'T YOU GOING TO ANSWER IT?
DEET DEET!
DEET DEET!
HELLO?
MISTER PARKER? MISTER PETER PARKER? THIS IS THE COMPACTCARD LATE PAYMENT DEPARTMENT AT COMPACTCARD CREDIT, SIR. COULD YOU EXPLAIN WHY YOU'VE BEEN IGNORING OUR FINAL DEMANDS?
WHAT?
ACCORDING TO OUR COMPUTER, WE'VE SENT YOU SIX LETTERS IN THE LAST EIGHT WEEKS CONCERNING CREDIT CARD DEBTS AMOUNTING TO ALMOST TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, SIR.
IF YOU'D REPLIED TO THESE LETTERS, WE COULD HAVE WORKED OUT A REPAYMENT PLAN, BUT I'M AFRAID THIS MATTER IS OUT OF OUR HANDS AND HAS BEEN PASSED TO OUR ATTORNEYS FOR RETRIEVAL.
WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THE BANK AUTOMATICALLY PAYS ALL OUR CREDIT CARD BILLS. THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME MISTAKE HERE.
IT SAYS ON THE COMPUTER THAT THE BANK RETURNED EVERY PAYMENT REQUEST FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS, MISTER PARKER. REASON GIVEN HERE'S "INSUFFICIENT FUNDS."

C'MON, THERE'S PLENTY OF MONEY IN THAT ACCOUNT.
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT UP WITH YOUR BANK, SIR.
OH, DON'T WORRY, LADY. WE WILL.
BLEEP!
MAN, CAN YOU *BELIEVE* THESE IDIOTS? WHERE'S THE NUMBER FOR THAT BANK? I'M GONNA CALL THE MANAGER NOW AND GO ABSOLUTELY--
WHAT'S UP, MJ? SOMETHING WRONG?
I THINK YOU AND I NEED TO HAVE A SERIOUS *TALK*, PETER.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE YOU NEVER TOLD ME WE WERE HAVING MONEY PROBLEMS. I MEAN WHAT DID YOU THINK I WAS GOING TO DO? PUSH YOU OFF A BUILDING?
IT'S NOT THAT. I JUST FELT, WELL...REALLY *STUPID* ABOUT GETTING US INTO THIS MESS AND HOPED THE WHOLE THING WOULD SORT ITSELF OUT.
THAT'S WHY I WAS HIDING ALL THOSE LETTERS AND STUFF. I JUST DIDN'T WANT YOU TO THINK I WAS STUPID.
HOW DID THIS HAPPEN *ANYWAY?* I THOUGHT THE WHOLE *ACTING* THING WAS GOING REALLY WELL?
OH, IT *IS*, PETER. THINGS HAVE ACTUALLY BEEN *REALLY GOOD* SINCE I GOT THE *BIG PART* AND EVERYTHING.
IT'S JUST A COUPLE OF THE COMPANIES THAT STILL OWED ME MONEY WENT BUST AND I DIPPED INTO MY TAX ACCOUNT TO KEEP THINGS GOING AND, WELL--
--IT ALL JUST KINDA SNOWBALLED FROM THERE.
THE PROBLEM WAS I MADE A LOT LESS MONEY LAST YEAR THAN THE YEAR BEFORE, BUT SPENT LOTS MORE ON EVERYTHING FROM FIRST CLASS FLIGHTS TO...
...AUNT MAY'S NEW APARTMENT?
I GUESS.


I JUST DIDN'T WANT TO WORRY YOU WITH THE LITTLE STUFF, PETER. NOT WHEN YOU HAD ALL THE BIG THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT, LIKE VENOM AND THE LIZARD AND ALL THOSE GUYS WHO WERE TRYING TO KILL YOU.
TAKING CARE OF THE MONEY STUFF WAS THE ONE THING I HAD TO DO, Y'KNOW? I FEEL LIKE SUCH AN *IDIOT* FOR RUINING US LIKE THIS...
HEY, C'MON. NOBODY'S BEEN RUINED. IT'S A LOT OF MONEY, SURE, AND A LOT OF DIFFERENT COMPANIES, BUT THESE ARE BUSINESSES, MJ. ALL THEY WANT IS THEIR CASH AND WE JUST NEED TO GIVE THEM A REALISTIC PLAN.
BUT HOW DO WE PAY ALL THAT ON TOP OF ***EVERYTHING ELSE*** WE'RE PAYING RIGHT NOW?
I DUNNO. I GUESS I JUST NEED TO DIG OUT THE OLD DIGITAL CAMERA AND TAKE A FEW *PICTURES* AGAIN, RIGHT? NO BIG DEAL. I CAN START TONIGHT WHEN I'M OUT ON PATROL.
YOU CAN'T GO OUT IN THIS MESS.
YOU THINK I'M GOING TO STAY HOME AND WATCH *TV*?
WE'LL BE FINE, BABY. WE'VE BEEN IN TIGHTER SPOTS THAN THIS.
WILL YOU STOP?
BUT YOU'VE ALREADY GOT SO MUCH ON YOUR PLATE LOOKING FOR *MAY*.
YOU'RE MARRIED TO A ***SUPER HERO***, REMEMBER?

Yeah, some super hero: Your face all over the newspapers, your aunt snatched by one of your playmates and now you're worried about your cell-phone bill coming in.
Is the game finally up? Is the world about to find out that you're just not as cool or as credible or as competent as all the REAL super heroes flying around town?
Man, I shouldn't even be up here in this condition. My muscles feel tight and my stitches feel loose, but I need to keep moving or I'm going to have some kind of NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.
This was supposed to be THE HOBBY. This was supposed to be where I could ESCAPE from Peter Parker's stupid problems. This is where I always cracked the JOKES...
SPIDER-SKANK! SPIDER-SKANK! HAS A BUTT LIKE A TANK!
WEARS A DRESS! ANY SIZE! CATCHES MEN! JUST LIKE FLIES!
LOOK OUT-- HERE COMES THE SPIDER-SKAAANK!
... and THEY aren't helping things either.

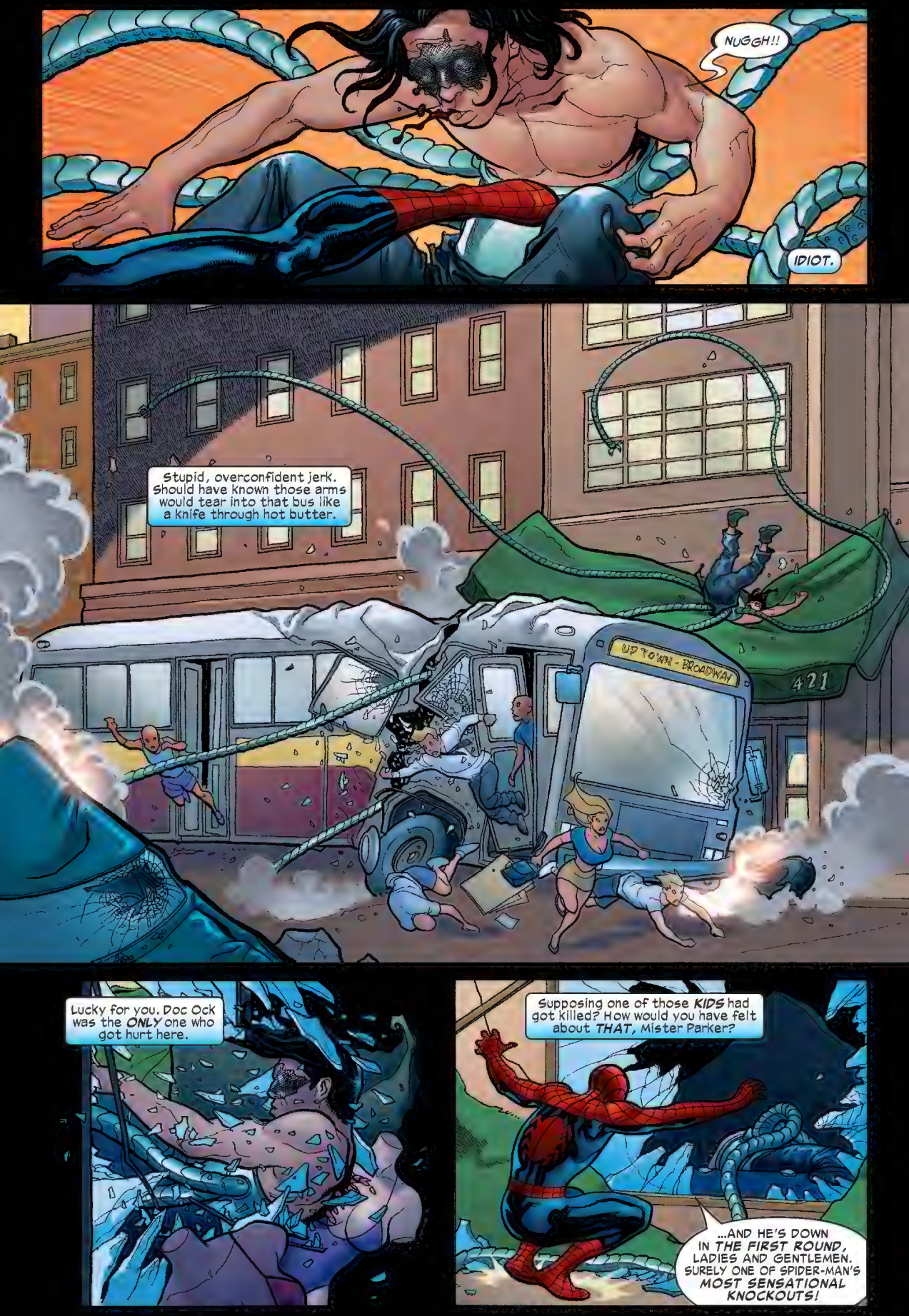
Can't focus on ANYTHING except Aunt May. Could this really be Eddie Brock? But what happened to that weird MORALITY he always insisted he was operating under?
Hell, what am I TALKING about? He's VENOM, for God's sake. Is it really such a stretch to imagine that maniac crossing the line into FULL-BLOWN PSYCHOSIS?
SPIDER-MAN! HELP! DOWN HERE!
About time, too...
Please God, PLEASE let this be the kind of trouble that makes a good front-page picture I can sell for lots of money...
WHAT'S UP, MAN? SOMEBODY RIP YOU OFF?
NAH, MY CAR JUST BLEW A TIRE AND I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD GIMME A HAND. YOU GOT A COUPLE OF MINUTES?
TO FIX A FLAT? YOU GOT TO BE KIDDING ME. DO I LOOK LIKE TRIPLE-A?
AW, C'MON, FELLA. I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE A SUPER HERO. I CALL A GARAGE AND THEY'RE GONNA CHARGE ME A HUNDRED AND FIFTY BUCKS JUST FOR PULLING UP.
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. WHAT KINDA VIBE DO I GIVE OFF? YOU THINK THIS EVER HAPPENS TO CAPTAIN AMERICA?
I'D DO IT MYSELF EXCEPT I LOANED MY JACK TO MY BROTHER-IN-LAW DOWN IN PHILLY A FEW WEEKS BACK. YOU EVER BEEN TO PHILLY, SPIDER-MAN? BEST DAMN STRIP-CLUBS ON THE ENTIRE EASTERN SEABOARD.

YOU SEE THAT?
WHAT?
GET OUT OF THE WAY, MAN! I NEED TO LET GO OF THE CAR!
ANOTHER TEN SECONDS, SPIDER-MAN! SERIOUSLY! I'M JUST ABOUT DONE HERE! TWENTY AT THE ABSOLUTE MOST--
I... SAID...
ENOUGH!
HEY!
YOU SKINNY, LITTLE PIECE OF CRAP! YOU LOOK LIKE COURTNEY COX IN THAT FRIGGIN' COSTUME!

ONE WAY
ONE WAY

SPIDER-MAN! SPIDER-MAN! Friendly neighborhood--
Damn. Now they've got ME singing it.
Doctor Octopus going nuts. Lots of innocent people standing around with their MOUTHS open--
--not exactly an IDEAL COMBINATION.
YOW!
WHAT'S GOT YOU BACKED UP, SWEETIE? LAST PAGE MISSING FROM THE NEW STEPHEN HAWKING BOOK?

GAARGHH!
There's definitely something WEIRD going on here.
This feels more like I'm fighting THE HULK than a guy who got his first Ph.D. while his buddies were in GRADE SCHOOL.
OUCH!
Otto Octavius isn't exactly the TYPE for a mindless rampage.
Could this be a DRUG THING?
Some kind of physiological reaction to all those years with four metal arms fused into his SPINAL COLUMN?
HEY, CHECK IT OUT: THE MORE I POUND YOU THE MORE OFF BALANCE YOU SEEM TO GET! I WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF I HIT YOU REALLY HARD--
MIKE'S DELI


NUGGH!!
IDIOT.
Stupid, overconfident jerk. Should have known those arms would tear into that bus like a knife through hot butter.
UPTOWN - BROADWAY
421
Lucky for you. Doc Ock was the ONLY one who got hurt here.
Supposing one of those KIDS had got killed? How would you have felt about THAT, Mister Parker?
...AND HE'S DOWN IN THE FIRST ROUND, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. SURELY ONE OF SPIDER-MAN'S MOST SENSATIONAL KNOCKOUTS!

NICE, BIG SMILE FOR THE CAMERA, GORGEOUS. I EVER SAY HOW ATTRACTIVE YOU LOOK SINCE YOU WENT FOR THAT MATRIX THING?
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT IN YOUR BACK?
ATTENTION! STEP AWAY FROM THE PRISONER--
WHAT?
STAND BACK OR WE OPEN FIRE! THIS IS A SPECIAL POLICE OPERATION!
AW, YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME...

DON'T EVEN TRY TO RUN, FREAK! YOU THINK YOU PEOPLE CAN DO ALL THIS DAMAGE AND JUST WALK AWAY? FORGET ABOUT IT, SCUMBAG! YOU'RE COMING WITH US!
SWAT
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? I'M THE ONE WHO TOOK THIS GUY DOWN. WHAT THE HELL DID YOU IDIOTS DO?
SHOT HIM FULL OF TRANQUILIZERS THE SECOND HE BROKE LOOSE FROM OUR CONVOY. GUY WOULD HAVE GONE DOWN STRAIGHT AWAY IF YOU HADN'T GIVEN HIM THAT BIG ADRENALINE RUSH.
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING TAKING DOC OCK AWAY FROM PRISON ANYWAY?
THE GOOD DOCTOR JUST HAD A FEW LITTLE TESTS HE HAD TO GET, BUT THAT'S THE LEAST O'YOUR CONCERNS RIGHT NOW.
SWAT
GUYS, SERIOUSLY.
YOU MIND LOWERING THOSE GUNS?
PARAMEDIC
WHAT DO YOU SAY, BOYS? SHOULD WE JUST LET HIM LOOSE AND CLEAN UP HIS MESS, OR DO WE FINALLY BUST THIS FREAK FOR WASTING POLICE TIME AND PROPERTY DESTRUCTION?
WAIT A SECOND. YOU DON'T NEED TO QUESTION ME.
THIS IS ABOUT THE REWARD, RIGHT? YOU'RE JUST KEEPING ME HERE TO CLAIM THAT FIVE MILLION BUCKS THE DAILY BUGLE'S THROWING AWAY.
WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THAT'S A LITTLE BONUS MONEY...

DON'T BE STUPID, MAN!
GET HIM!
SWAT

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SPIDER-MAN®
VENOMOUS
PART 2

PREVIOUSLY IN SPIDER-MAN

"VENOMOUS"

Peter Parker woke up from the battle of his life to find himself broke, badly injured and his Aunt May still missing after a mysterious kidnapping. His wife, Mary Jane, refused to stay in hiding any longer and has promised to help him, but their investigations are going nowhere. Patrolling New York, he's found nothing except a drug-addled, rampaging Doctor Octopus and a problem with a pursuing SWAT team he never expected…

WRITER
MARK MILLAR

PENCILER
TERRY DODSON

INKER
RACHEL DODSON

COLORIST
AVALON'S IAN HANNIN

LETTERER
VC's CORY PETIT

ASST. EDITOR
WARREN SIMONS

EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO

CHIEF
JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

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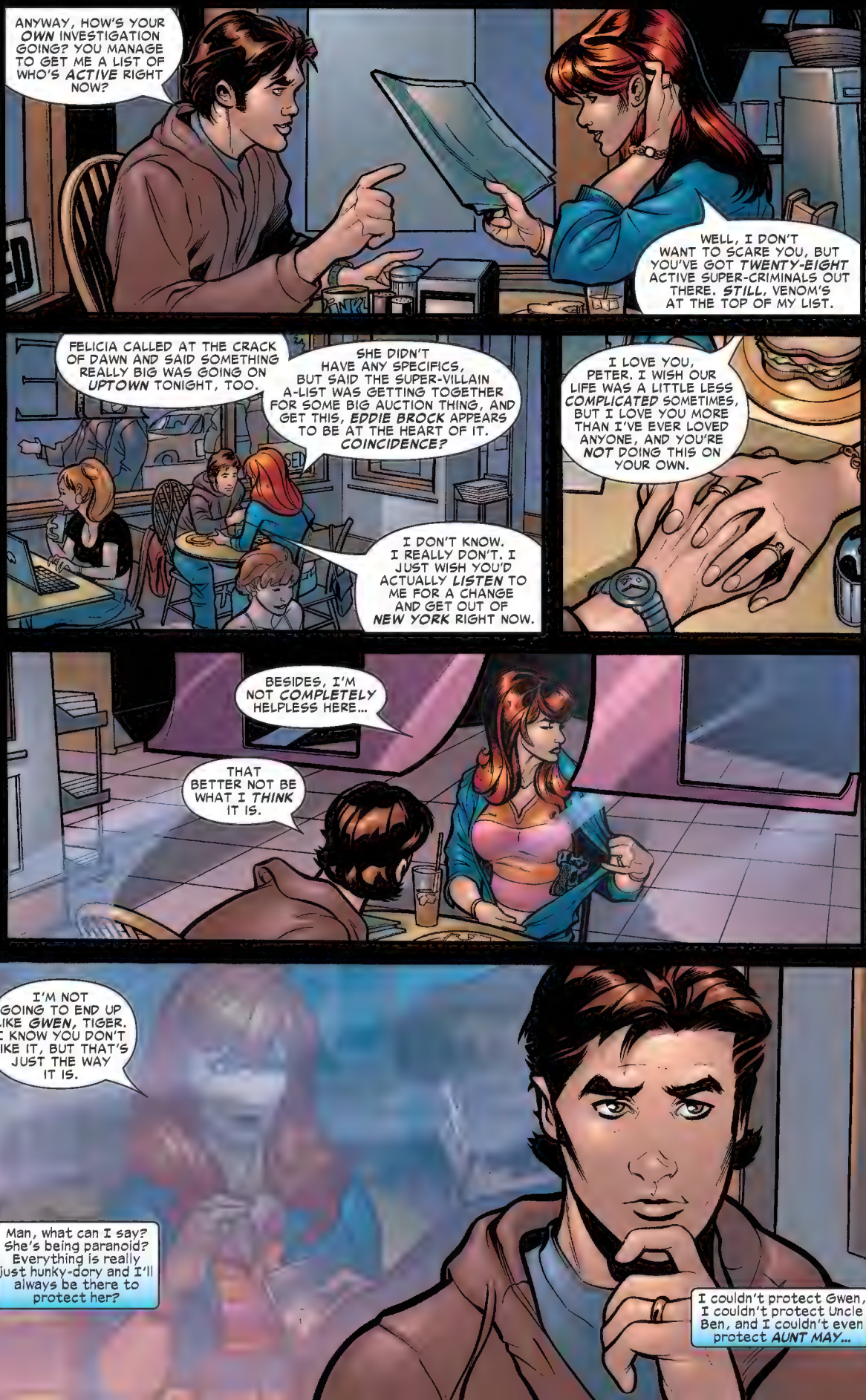
This is what happens when the *Daily Bugle* offers five million dollars to anyone who figures out my secret identity: Even the *COPS* start going a little nuts.
GET HIS MASK OFF! I GOT HIM! I GOT HIM!
POLICE

What were they doing here anyway? Why was a SWAT team transporting Doctor Octopus around at midnight? And do they seriously think they can TAKE ME DOWN like this?
I might have gone a little crazy since someone snatched AUNT MAY. I might have trouble STANDING UP since I climbed out of that HOSPITAL BED.
I might even be at HALF my usual STRENGTH here...
...but I could STILL eat these clowns for BREAKFAST.
AGHGH!!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? TAKE HIM DOWN! TAKE HIM DOWN!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?
SPIDER-MAN'S RESISTING ARREST, CAPTAIN LAMONT! WE NEED AIR-SUPPORT FAST OR WE'RE GONNA LOSE THIS PUNK!
EVERYBODY STAND DOWN! YOU THINK I DON'T READ THE NEWSPAPERS OR SOMETHING?
JUST GET DOCTOR OCTOPUS BACK IN THE TRUCK AND BE GLAD I DON'T HAVE YOU IDIOTS ON REPORT FOR THIS!
TESTS, they said. What kind of tests do they need to do on DOCTOR OCTOPUS that they can't do in JAIL?
A jet of webbing and I launch myself across the street. I'm hurting a little from the couple of PUNCHES they landed, but something about this has the hairs on the back of my NECK standing up.
YPD
WARREN

Mary Jane inhales an entire mouthful of air...
SOMEBODY TRIED TO GET YOUR MASK OFF?
FIVE TIMES IN A SINGLE NIGHT. IT'S THIS BIG CASH REWARD THE BUGLE'S TALKING ABOUT. SERIOUSLY, JONAH'S GOING TO HAVE TO CALL THIS OFF BEFORE SOMEONE GETS REALLY BADLY HURT.
LIKE YOU, YOU MEAN?
EXACTLY.
WHAT ABOUT THE PICTURES? YOU GET ANYTHING GOOD?
NOTHING GREAT. A COUPLE OF SHOTS OF DOC OCK LYING IN A HEAP, BUT I WAS JUMPING AROUND AND TALKING TOO MUCH TO SHOOT THE ACTUAL FIGHT.
I E-MAILED THEM INTO FEATURES THIS MORNING, BUT HAVEN'T HEARD A PEEP. I THOUGHT I'D MAYBE DROP BY THIS AFTERNOON AND SEE IF I COULD WORK THE OLD PARKER CHARM ON THEM A LITTLE.
WHAT IF HE RECOGNIZES YOU FROM THAT HORRIBLE FRONT PAGE?
NOT A CHANCE. I LOOK LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN ROCKY BALBOA AND A PLATE OF CHOPPED LIVER IN THAT PICTURE. YOU SAID SO YOURSELF.

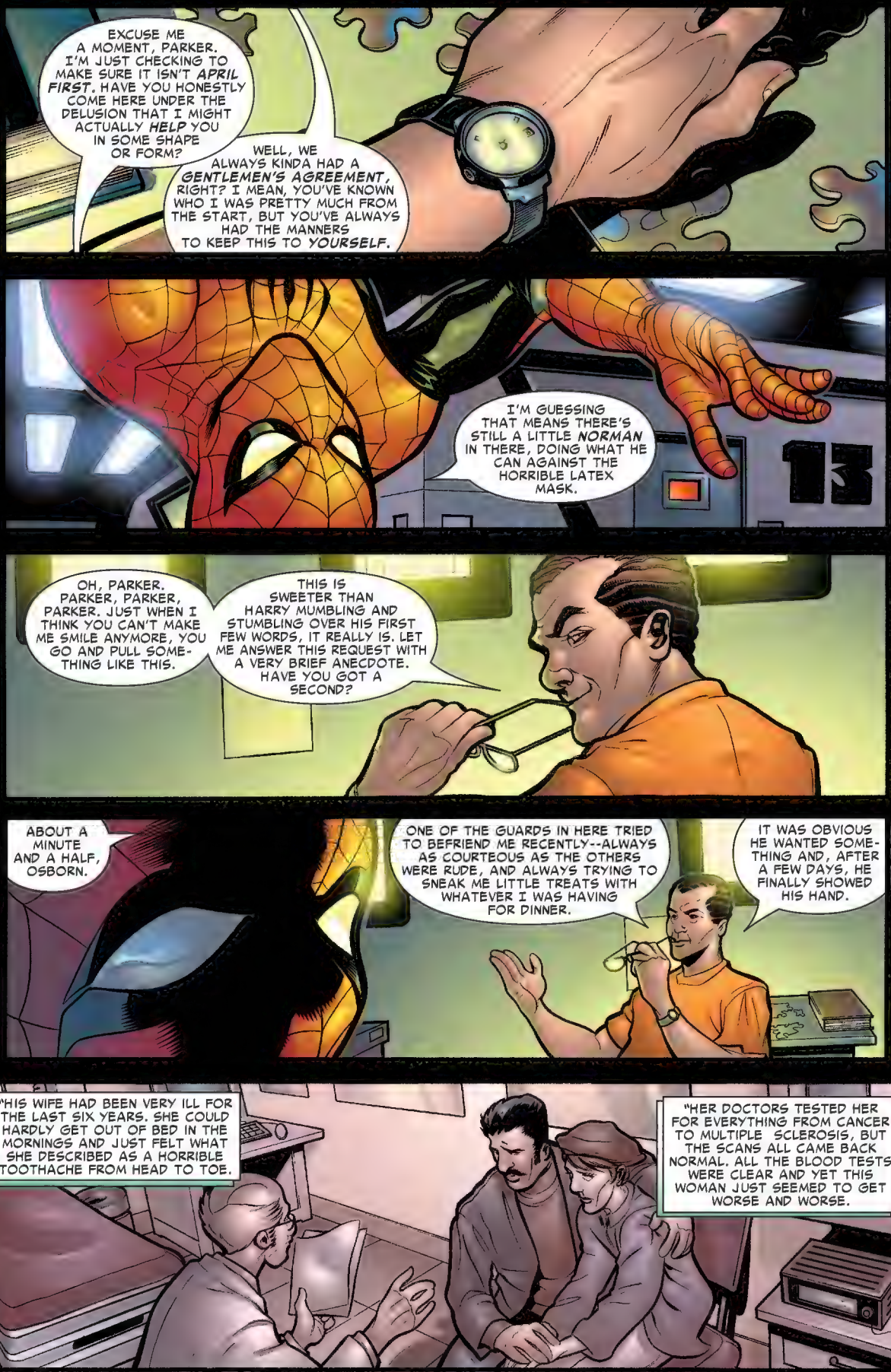

ANYWAY, HOW'S YOUR OWN INVESTIGATION GOING? YOU MANAGE TO GET ME A LIST OF WHO'S ACTIVE RIGHT NOW?
WELL, I DON'T WANT TO SCARE YOU, BUT YOU'VE GOT TWENTY-EIGHT ACTIVE SUPER-CRIMINALS OUT THERE. STILL, VENOM'S AT THE TOP OF MY LIST.
FELICIA CALLED AT THE CRACK OF DAWN AND SAID SOMETHING REALLY BIG WAS GOING ON UPTOWN TONIGHT, TOO.
SHE DIDN'T HAVE ANY SPECIFICS, BUT SAID THE SUPER-VILLAIN A-LIST WAS GETTING TOGETHER FOR SOME BIG AUCTION THING, AND GET THIS, EDDIE BROCK APPEARS TO BE AT THE HEART OF IT. COINCIDENCE?
I DON'T KNOW. I REALLY DON'T. I JUST WISH YOU'D ACTUALLY LISTEN TO ME FOR A CHANGE AND GET OUT OF NEW YORK RIGHT NOW.
I LOVE YOU, PETER. I WISH OUR LIFE WAS A LITTLE LESS COMPLICATED SOMETIMES, BUT I LOVE YOU MORE THAN I'VE EVER LOVED ANYONE, AND YOU'RE NOT DOING THIS ON YOUR OWN.
BESIDES, I'M NOT COMPLETELY HELPLESS HERE...
THAT BETTER NOT BE WHAT I THINK IT IS.
I'M NOT GOING TO END UP LIKE GWEN, TIGER. I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE IT, BUT THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT IS.
Man, what can I say? She's being paranoid? Everything is really just hunky-dory and I'll always be there to protect her?
I couldn't protect Gwen, I couldn't protect Uncle Ben, and I couldn't even protect AUNT MAY...

Can I BLAME her for trying to avoid becoming yet another name in my growing list of STATISTICS?
MISTER JAMESON?
HOLY GEEZ! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M HERE FOR THE MONEY, SIR.
WHAT?
WELL, I'M KINDA TIGHT FOR CASH RIGHT NOW, AND I FIGURED IF ANYBODY DESERVED TO MAKE A LITTLE DOUGH FROM MY SECRET IDENTITY, IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ME, RIGHT?
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
EVERYBODY SELLS OUT SOONER OR LATER, AND LET'S FACE IT, MAN: FIGHTING THE LIZARD AND STUFF DON'T EXACTLY PAY THE BILLS, RIGHT?
THE NAME'S OTIS KINCAID, MISTER JAMESON, AND I'M THE CREDIT CONTROLLER OVER AT MARSH INSURANCE BROKERS. YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW GOOD IT FEELS TO GET THAT OFF MY CHEST AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.
SECURITY--IN MY OFFICE RIGHT AWAY, BOYS. WE GOT ANOTHER FRUIT-LOOP DRIBBLING ON THE CARPET.

H-HEY! GET YOUR HANDS OFFA ME, YOU PIGS!
THIS HAPPEN *MUCH?*
ONLY ABOUT TEN TIMES A DAY, BUT HE'S GOTTA BE THE SHORTEST ONE WE'VE HAD SO FAR. BOY LOOKS MORE LIKE *ANT-MAN* THAN SPIDER-MAN.
WELL, WELL, WELL. IF IT ISN'T MISTER HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHER. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, PARKER? SOME OF THE BIGGER BOYS BEEN STEALING YOUR *LUNCH MONEY* AGAIN?
OOH, LOOK AT YOU ALL BRIGHT AND HAPPY. WHAT'S UP, JONAH? YOU FINALLY FOUND THAT *NICKEL* YOU LOST?
AND WHAT'S WITH THIS CRAZY *SPIDER-MAN* STUNT? ISN'T THIS, LIKE, THE *ELEVENTH TIME* YOU'VE PULLED THE OLD "CASH-REWARD-FOR-HIS-SECRET-IDENTITY" THING?
WHO CARES? SOME ANONYMOUS BILLIONAIRE DONATES FIVE MILLION BUCKS TO BOOST OUR *CIRCULATION*, WHO AM *I* TO SAY NO?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE *ANYWAY*, PARKER? WE'RE TRYING TO PUT THIS STORY TO BED ABOUT ALL THOSE *BREAK-INS* AT *OSCORP INTERNATIONAL.*
I TOOK SOME PICTURES OF SPIDER-MAN TAKING DOWN DOCTOR OCTOPUS LAST NIGHT, AND WONDERED WHAT YOU GUYS THOUGHT OF THEM.
THAT AMATEUR CRAP? THEY'RE ALL OUT OF FOCUS AND COMPLETELY OFF-CENTER, PARKER. YOU WERE DOING BETTER WORK THAN THIS WHEN YOU WERE IN *HIGH SCHOOL!*
BESIDES, HOW LONG WAS HE ON THE LOOSE OUT THERE, HUH? FIVE MINUTES? TEN AT THE MOST? HE DIDN'T EVEN *KILL* ANYBODY! THIS HARDLY MADE THE *LATE-NIGHT NEWS!*
HEY, DAD. YOU READY TO GO GRAB SOME LUNCH?
JOHN?

HEY, PETER. HOW'S IT GOING, MAN?
AH, NOT TOO BAD. JUST TRYING TO SQUEEZE A LITTLE CASH OUT OF YOUR OLD MAN AGAIN. YOU STILL WORKING AT THE *DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SERVICES* OVER IN QUEENS?
ONLY TEMPORARILY, PARKER. *ONLY TEMPORARILY*. JOHN-JOHN'S BEEN TALKING TO HIS AIR-FORCE BUDDIES ABOUT GOING UP IN A *PLANE* AGAIN. AIN'T THAT *RIGHT*, KID?
YEAH, WELL, ONLY AS AN INSTRUCTOR, BUT IT'D BE PRETTY COOL TO GET MY *WINGS* BACK, PETER. IT'S WEIRD USING A SIDEWALK AGAIN WHEN YOU'VE SPENT HALF YOUR LIFE IN THE AIR.
I HEAR YA, MAN.
TELL YOU WHAT, PARKER: I KNOW YOU AND THE WIFE GOT DEBT PROBLEMS RIGHT NOW, SO HOW ABOUT I GIVE YOU FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS FOR THIS SHOT OF SPIDER-MAN SLIPPING IN SOME DOG-MESS HERE?
WHAT? HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT OUR DEBT PROBLEMS?
"EX-SUPERMODEL HAS HER MACY'S CHECKS BOUNCED BY THE BANK"? IT'S TOMORROW'S FRONT-PAGE HEADLINE, KIDDO.
TALK TO ROBBIE ABOUT THE VOUCHER, AND TELL THOSE BRATS IN YOUR CLASS I WAS ASKING AFTER THEM, HUH?
An anonymous billionaire donates five million dollars just to give me *GRIEF*. This just gets worse by the second.

My Aunt May is seventy-two years old. She pops twelve pills a day and has suffered three heart attacks in the last seven years.
OF COURSE she's dead, common sense whispers in my ear. The stress ALONE should have finished whatever that kidnapper started, but I have to keep going. I can't just GIVE UP.
I KNOW YOU KNOW I'M DANGLING HERE, OSBORN, SO YOU CAN STOP TRYING TO ANNOY ME.
ANNOYING YOU IS THE ONLY PLEASURE I'VE GOT LEFT IN LIFE, PARKER.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ANYWAY, BOY? CAN'T YOU SEE I'VE GOT PLACES TO GO AND PEOPLE TO SEE? I HOPE THIS DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH DEAR, OLD AUNT MAY AGAIN? SHE'S NOT STILL MISSING, IS SHE?
DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK. IF IT WASN'T FOR THE LACK OF GLOATING YOU'D BE TOP OF MY LIST FOR THIS KIDNAPPING.
SO WHY DROP BY?
TO SEE IF YOU CAN SHED A LITTLE LIGHT ON WHAT HAPPENED TO HER. I'VE GONE OVER THE DETAILS A MILLION TIMES, AND STILL COME UP WITH NOTHING, BUT MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING I'M MISSING HERE.
MAYBE I'M JUST TOO NORMAL TO SEE WHAT THIS GUY'S UP TO, BUT YOU'RE THE KING OF THE KOOKS, RIGHT? MAYBE YOU CAN FIGURE OUT WHY HE HASN'T BEEN BACK IN TOUCH.


EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, PARKER. I'M JUST CHECKING TO MAKE SURE IT ISN'T APRIL FIRST. HAVE YOU HONESTLY COME HERE UNDER THE DELUSION THAT I MIGHT ACTUALLY HELP YOU IN SOME SHAPE OR FORM?
WELL, WE ALWAYS KINDA HAD A GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT, RIGHT? I MEAN, YOU'VE KNOWN WHO I WAS PRETTY MUCH FROM THE START, BUT YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD THE MANNERS TO KEEP THIS TO YOURSELF.
I'M GUESSING THAT MEANS THERE'S STILL A LITTLE NORMAN IN THERE, DOING WHAT HE CAN AGAINST THE HORRIBLE LATEX MASK.
13
OH, PARKER. PARKER, PARKER, PARKER. JUST WHEN I THINK YOU CAN'T MAKE ME SMILE ANYMORE, YOU GO AND PULL SOMETHING LIKE THIS.
THIS IS SWEETER THAN HARRY MUMBLING AND STUMBLING OVER HIS FIRST FEW WORDS, IT REALLY IS. LET ME ANSWER THIS REQUEST WITH A VERY BRIEF ANECDOTE. HAVE YOU GOT A SECOND?
ABOUT A MINUTE AND A HALF, OSBORN.
ONE OF THE GUARDS IN HERE TRIED TO BEFRIEND ME RECENTLY--ALWAYS AS COURTEOUS AS THE OTHERS WERE RUDE, AND ALWAYS TRYING TO SNEAK ME LITTLE TREATS WITH WHATEVER I WAS HAVING FOR DINNER.
IT WAS OBVIOUS HE WANTED SOMETHING AND, AFTER A FEW DAYS, HE FINALLY SHOWED HIS HAND.
"HIS WIFE HAD BEEN VERY ILL FOR THE LAST SIX YEARS. SHE COULD HARDLY GET OUT OF BED IN THE MORNINGS AND JUST FELT WHAT SHE DESCRIBED AS A HORRIBLE TOOTHACHE FROM HEAD TO TOE.
"HER DOCTORS TESTED HER FOR EVERYTHING FROM CANCER TO MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS, BUT THE SCANS ALL CAME BACK NORMAL. ALL THE BLOOD TESTS WERE CLEAR AND YET THIS WOMAN JUST SEEMED TO GET WORSE AND WORSE.

"THUS, YOU CAN IMAGINE HIS EXCITEMENT WHEN ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST PIONEERING AND RESPECTED BIOCHEMISTS WAS LODGED ON HIS BEAT BETWEEN THE GRIZZLY AND THAT MONOSYLLABIC RHINO.
"MIGHT I GIVE HIM SOME ADVICE, HE BEGGED? WOULD I SCRATCH HIS BACK LIKE HE'D SCRATCHED MINE? I WAS BORED, I TOLD HIM, AND HAD NOTHING ELSE TO DO. WHY *NOT* ENJOY THIS CHALLENGE?

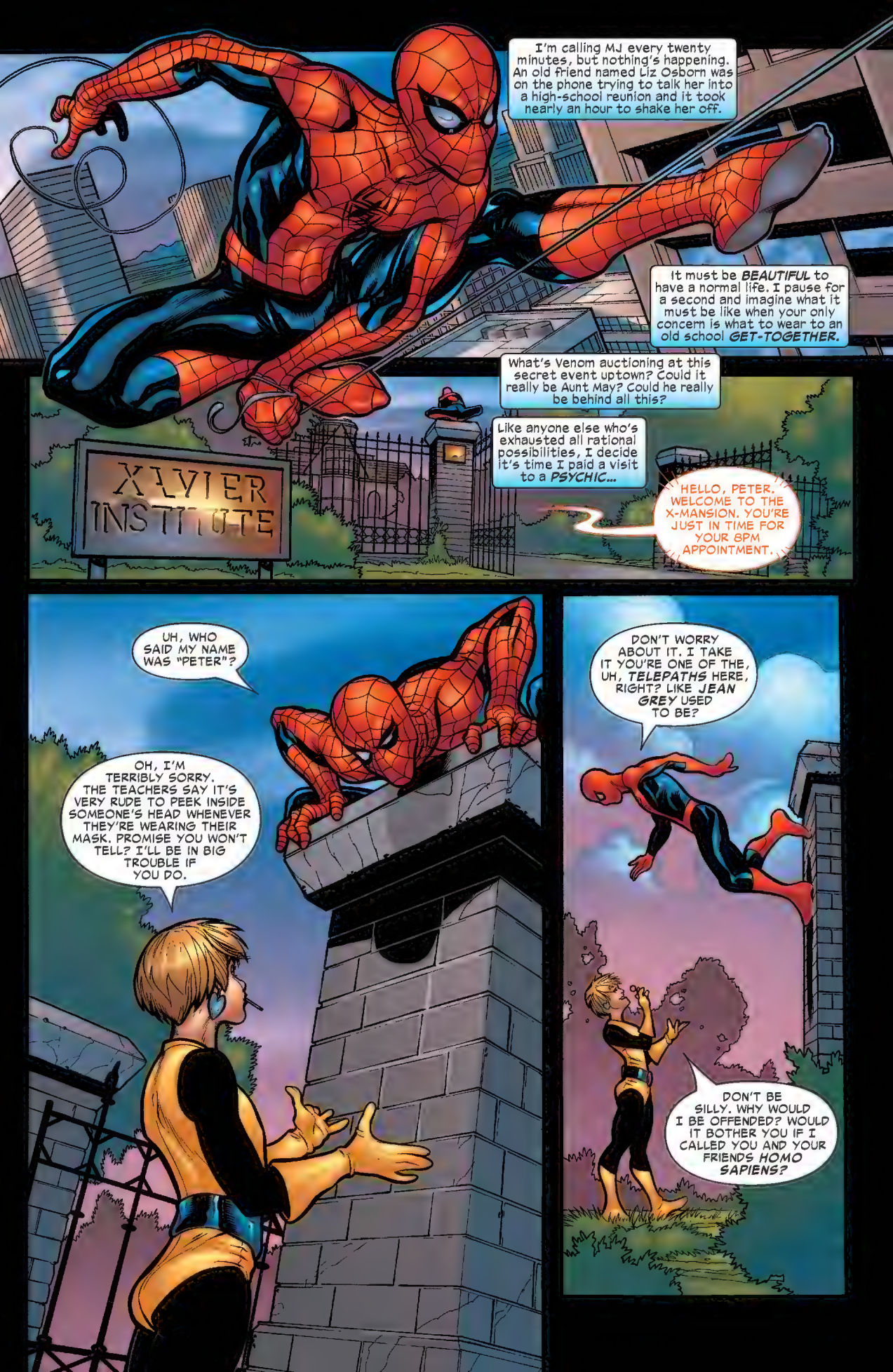
OSBORN
"A POLAROID OF THE WOMAN'S IRIS CONFIRMED MY SUSPICION OF LYMPHATIC CONGESTION. MOST DOCTORS DISMISS THE AILMENT, BUT IT'S ALL VERY REAL AND PERHAPS BETTER KNOWN AS CHRONIC FATIGUE OR FIBROMYALGIA.
"I TOLD HIM I COULD CURE THIS QUITE EASILY. SHE DIDN'T EVEN NEED PRESCRIPTION DRUGS--JUST A COMBINATION OF THINGS THEY'D HAVE AT HOME PLUS THE ELIMINATION OF CERTAIN YEAST AND DAIRY PRODUCTS."

WHAT HAPPENED?
WHAT DO YOU *THINK* HAPPENED? SHE GOT BETTER...

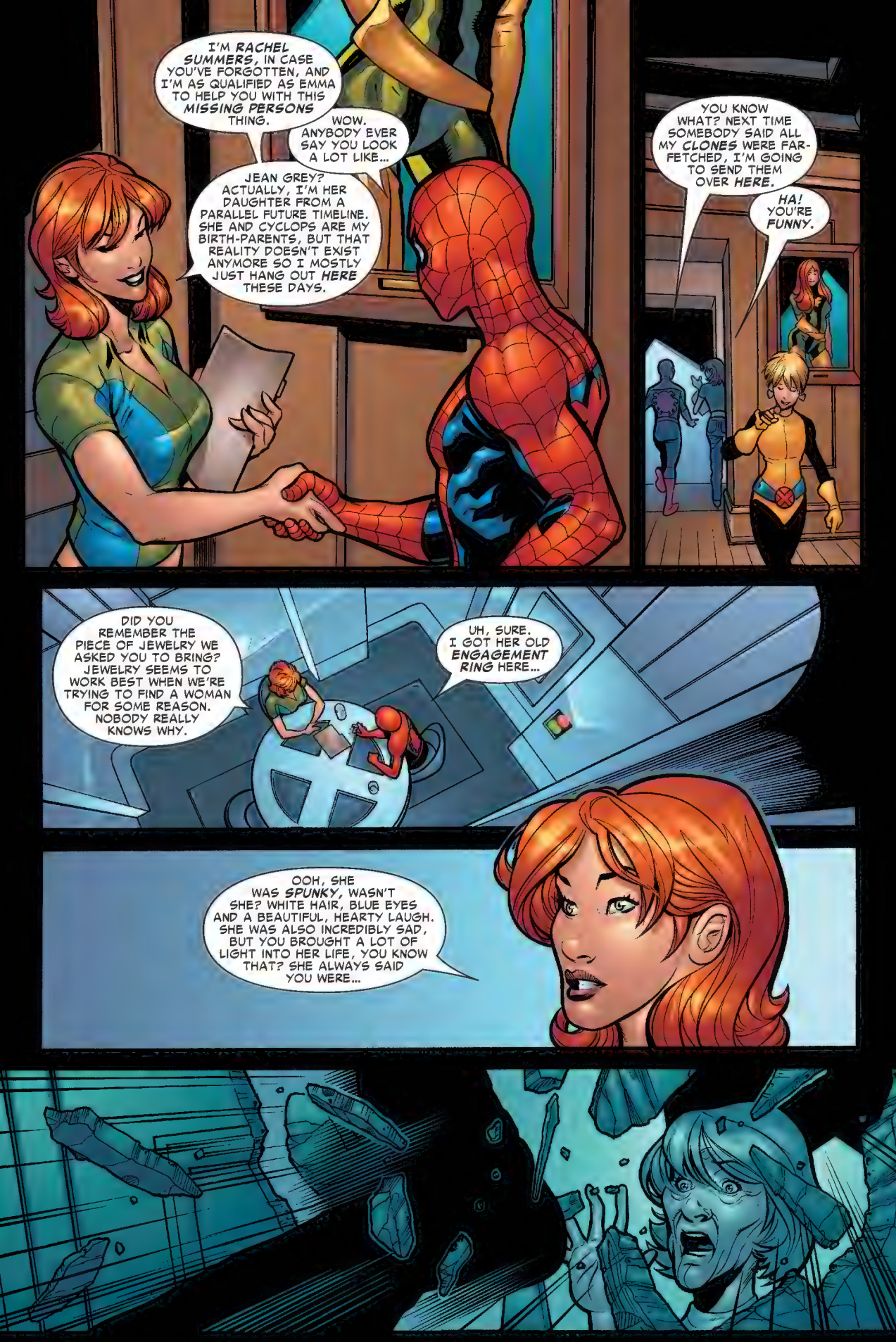
...FOR A *LITTLE* WHILE AT LEAST.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

"WELL, SHE STARTED GETTING PAINS IN HER KIDNEYS LAST WEEK AND THEN HER NEUROLOGICAL FUNCTIONS BEGAN BREAKING DOWN.
"BY THE WEEKEND, THE ORIGINAL PAIN WAS BACK TEN TIMES WORSE THAN IT EVER WAS, AND BY YESTERDAY MORNING, SHE'D GONE COMPLETELY BLIND."
ONE OF THE CLEANERS WAS TELLING ME THIS MORNING SHE GOT RUSHED INTO THE HOSPITAL LAST NIGHT AND NEEDS A MACHINE TO BREATHE NOW.
THE BAD NEWS IS SHE'S NEVER COMING OUT OF THIS COMA AND, OH DEAR ME, I DO BELIEVE THAT POOR LITTLE WIFE WILL BE PUSHING UP THE DAISIES BY THE END OF THE WEEK.
NOW ASK ME AGAIN FOR THIS FAVOR YOU WANTED, PARKER. ASK ME AGAIN FOR HELP AFTER LOCKING ME UP AND RUINING MY BUSINESS AND ENDANGERING MY LIFE TO THIS DEGREE.
OH, POOR BABY.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN ENDANGERING YOUR LIFE? YOU'RE IN A HIGH-SECURITY CELL. YOUR SKIN'S PRACTICALLY BULLET-PROOF.
ASK YOURSELF WHAT THEY WERE DOING WITH OTTO OCTAVIUS LAST NIGHT, PETER. ASK YOURSELF WHY ALL OF MY OFFICES ARE BEING BURGLARIZED RIGHT NOW.


I'm calling MJ every twenty minutes, but nothing's happening. An old friend named Liz Osborn was on the phone trying to talk her into a high-school reunion and it took nearly an hour to shake her off.
It must be BEAUTIFUL to have a normal life. I pause for a second and imagine what it must be like when your only concern is what to wear to an old school GET-TOGETHER.
What's Venom auctioning at this secret event uptown? Could it really be Aunt May? Could he really be behind all this?
Like anyone else who's exhausted all rational possibilities, I decide it's time I paid a visit to a PSYCHIC...
XAVIER INSTITUTE
HELLO, PETER. WELCOME TO THE X-MANSION. YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR YOUR 8PM APPOINTMENT.
UH, WHO SAID MY NAME WAS "PETER"?
OH, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. THE TEACHERS SAY IT'S VERY RUDE TO PEEK INSIDE SOMEONE'S HEAD WHENEVER THEY'RE WEARING THEIR MASK. PROMISE YOU WON'T TELL? I'LL BE IN BIG TROUBLE IF YOU DO.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I TAKE IT YOU'RE ONE OF THE, UH, TELEPATHS HERE, RIGHT? LIKE JEAN GREY USED TO BE?
DON'T BE SILLY. WHY WOULD I BE OFFENDED? WOULD IT BOTHER YOU IF I CALLED YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS HOMO SAPIENS?

WHAT? I'M SORRY. I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
GOD, I'M SUCH AN IDIOT. I WAS ANSWERING THE QUESTION YOU'RE GOING TO ASK SIXTY SECONDS FROM NOW, SPIDER-MAN.
MY TEMPORAL PERSPECTIVE IS STILL KIND OF SCREWY AT THE MOMENT, AND A LOT OF MY CHAT COMES OUT REALLY JUMBLED.
UH, RIGHT. LISTEN, DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO LEAVE YOUR GATES OPEN LIKE THIS? I MEAN, THERE'S STILL A LOT OF PEOPLE OUT THERE WHO KINDA HAVE A *PROBLEM* WITH MUTANTS.
OH, I KNOW. I'VE SEEN THEM STANDING OUT THERE WITH THEIR SIGNS AND STUFF, BUT THEY NEVER ACTUALLY SET FOOT ON THE GROUNDS OF THE SCHOOL OR ANYTHING. NOBODY'S *THAT* STUPID, RIGHT?
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME USING THE WORD "MUTANT", BY THE WAY. I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHAT THE POLITICALLY CORRECT WORD *IS* THESE DAYS. IT KINDA CHANGES ALL THE TIME.
DON'T BE SILLY. WHY WOULD I BE *OFFENDED?* WOULD IT BOTHER YOU IF I CALLED YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS *HOMO SAPIENS?*
UH, NO. I GUESS NOT.
THAT WAS THE QUESTION I WAS ANSWERING EARLIER, BY THE WAY.
OH. RIGHT.
NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SPIDER-MAN. MISS FROST ASKED ME TO PASS ALONG HER APOLOGIES, BUT SHE HAD TO DISAPPEAR ON AN X-MEN EMERGENCY WITH MY DAD AND A COUPLE OF THE OTHER GUYS.
APPARENTLY, SOME KID IN SAN ANTONIO TURNED INTO A SENTIENT THERMONUCLEAR REACTOR AND, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW THESE THINGS GO.


I'M RACHEL SUMMERS, IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, AND I'M AS QUALIFIED AS EMMA TO HELP YOU WITH THIS MISSING PERSONS THING.
WOW. ANYBODY EVER SAY YOU LOOK A LOT LIKE...
JEAN GREY? ACTUALLY, I'M HER DAUGHTER FROM A PARALLEL FUTURE TIMELINE. SHE AND CYCLOPS ARE MY BIRTH-PARENTS, BUT THAT REALITY DOESN'T EXIST ANYMORE SO I MOSTLY JUST HANG OUT HERE THESE DAYS.
YOU KNOW WHAT? NEXT TIME SOMEBODY SAID ALL MY CLONES WERE FAR-FETCHED, I'M GOING TO SEND THEM OVER HERE.
HA! YOU'RE FUNNY.
DID YOU REMEMBER THE PIECE OF JEWELRY WE ASKED YOU TO BRING? JEWELRY SEEMS TO WORK BEST WHEN WE'RE TRYING TO FIND A WOMAN FOR SOME REASON. NOBODY REALLY KNOWS WHY.
UH, SURE. I GOT HER OLD ENGAGEMENT RING HERE...
OOH, SHE WAS SPUNKY, WASN'T SHE? WHITE HAIR, BLUE EYES AND A BEAUTIFUL, HEARTY LAUGH. SHE WAS ALSO INCREDIBLY SAD, BUT YOU BROUGHT A LOT OF LIGHT INTO HER LIFE, YOU KNOW THAT? SHE ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE...

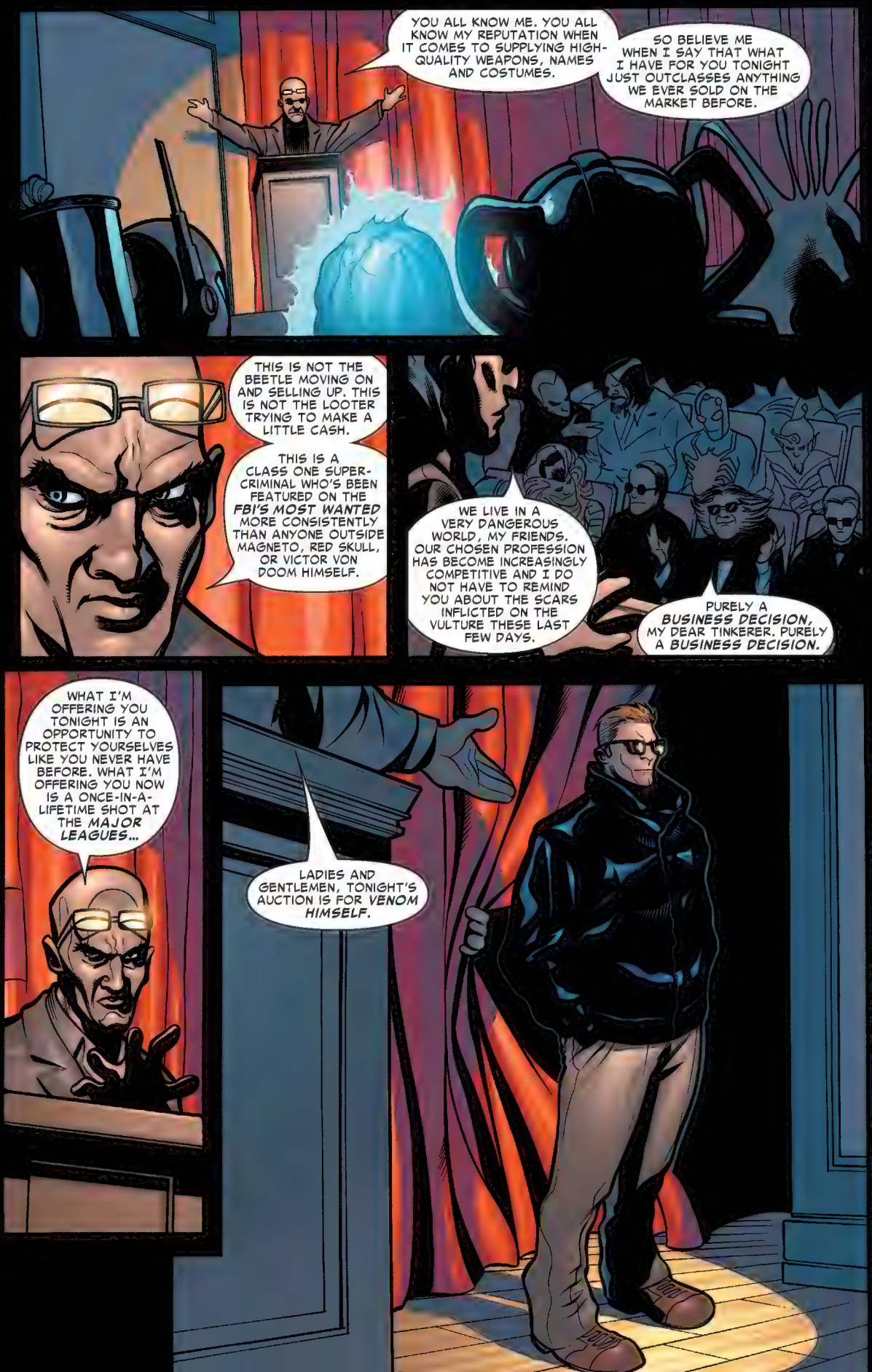
OH, GOD. THIS WAS VIOLENT, WASN'T IT?
YEAH.
SHE'D JUST MOVED INTO A NEW PLACE. YOU AND THE RED-HEADED GIRL HAD PAID FOR IT AND SHE ABSOLUTELY LOVED LIVING IN MANHATTAN, BUT SHE WAS REALLY, REALLY WORRIED THAT YOU GUYS COULDN'T AFFORD IT.
SHE LOVED THE RED-HEAD, TOO, INCIDENTALLY. SHE JUST THOUGHT SHE WAS A LITTLE CRAZY SOMETIMES AND...
OH, MAN.
WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT ARE YOU SEEING?
SHE HAD THE CHAIN ON THE DOOR, BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER. SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A JEHOVAH'S WITNESS, BUT HE SNAPPED THE CHAIN LIKE IT WAS MADE OF LICORICE, AND THEN HE HELD HER UP AGAINST THE WALL AND...
WHAT? WHAT?
SHE PASSED OUT, BUT SHE KNEW HIM, SPIDER-MAN. YOU KNOW HIM, TOO, BUT HE'S DIFFERENT FROM HOW HE USED TO BE. HE'S NOT HUMAN ANYMORE. HE'S... OH, GOD. SHE WAS SO SCARED.
WHO DID IT, RACHEL? WAS IT VENOM? WAS IT EDDIE BROCK?
I DON'T KNOW. I COULDN'T SEE.
THINK HARD!
I DON'T KNOW!

OKAY, TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHERE SHE IS NOW. PLEASE. TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHERE THIS GUY *TOOK* HER...
I'M THINKING, I'M THINKING. THIS ISN'T THE KIND OF STUFF I USUALLY DO. PROFESSOR X WAS THE ONE WHO SPECIALIZED IN MISSING PERSONS, BUT I'M DEFINITELY GETTING SOME INFORMATION HERE.
IT'S VAGUE. I MEAN, THIS RING MUST BE REALLY OLD, BUT...
WHAT?
I DON'T THINK IT'S GOOD.
WHAT DO YOU *MEAN*, YOU DON'T THINK IT'S GOOD? THE *INFORMATION* ISN'T GOOD? IS IT *BAD NEWS*?
I'M NOT SURE YOU WANT TO *HEAR* THIS, SPIDER-MAN...
PLEASE!
JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE SEEING HERE, RACHEL!

I THINK YOUR AUNT MAY'S DEAD...

Elsewhere:
HEY, SADIE. THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL COAT YOU GOT THERE, SWEETHEART. IS THAT TIGER SKIN? I BEEN ASKING YOUR FRIEND THE SANDMAN HERE TO GET ME ONE OF THOSE THINGS FOR YEARS.
OH, THIS AIN'T NO ANIMAL SKIN, JOANNIE. ME AND MORRIE WOULD NEVER SUPPORT WHAT THEY BEEN DOING TO THOSE BEAUTIFUL BEASTS OUT THERE IN AFRICA AND ENGLAND AND STUFF.
NO, THIS LITTLE BEAUTY USED TO BE ONE OF THE AVENGERS.
WHAT?
DON'T YOU REMEMBER TIGRA? THE CUTE CAT-GIRL WITH THE BIG, GREEN EYES? KRAVEN THE HUNTER SOLD US THIS FOR A HUNDRED-THOUSAND BUCKS THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS.
YOU HEAR THAT, FLINT? A HUNDRED-THOUSAND BUCKS. AND YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE HE'S GONNA MAKE FOR US? A LIZARD-SKIN HANDBAG OUTTA THAT LUNATIC CURT CONNORS. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, BIG SHOT?
AH, KRAVEN'S KID'S AS PHONY AS HIS OLD MAN, MORRIE.
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY, HUH?
JUST THAT THAT AIN'T TIGRA OVER THERE. TIGRA'S BEEN LIVING IN L.A. FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS. SHE TEAMED UP WITH WONDER MAN AGAINST BOOMERANG JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO.
OH, YEAH. AND YOU'RE SUCH AN EXPERT ON TIGRA, RIGHT?
BOOMERANG'S MARRIED TO MY COUSIN, YOU MORON. SHE HAD HIM BANGED UP AT THE END OF LAST MONTH AND STILL LOOKED PRETTY HAIRY IN HER NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHS.

WHAT?
LISTEN, SADIE, BEFORE YOU GO NUTS HERE...
YOU LIKE MAKING ME LOOK *STUPID*, MORRIE? BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE *DONE*, YOU IDIOT.
NOW YOU GET IN THERE AND BUY ME THIS *COSTUME* THEY'RE AUCTIONING OR I'LL...
HEY, MISTER FORTUNATO? WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE, MAN? YOU THINKING ABOUT GETTING INTO THE WHOLE *COSTUME* THING AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?
AH, I NEVER HAD THE LEGS FOR THE OLD SPANDEX, HERMAN. I'M JUST HERE TO PUT IN A BID AND SEE IF THIS SUPER-VILLAIN SUIT COULD MAYBE MAKE SOMETHING OF MY BOY *ANGELO* HERE.
YOU SEEN THIS LITTLE WASTE OF SPACE? YOU BELIEVE IT'S FROM THE SAME FINE WOMB THAT GAVE ME MY BEAUTIFUL GIACOMO?
WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHAT YOU NEED TO BUY A NAME AND A COSTUME FOR? YOU BEEN THE SHOCKER AS LONG AS GREEN GOBLIN'S BEEN AROUND.
THAT'S EXACTLY THE POINT. ALL THOSE YEARS AND ALL THOSE JOBS AND I *STILL* NEVER MADE MUCH IMPACT.
I'M HERE TO BUY MYSELF A LITTLE RESPECTABILITY.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF I COULD ASK YOU ALL TO TAKE YOUR SEATS, PLEASE. WE DON'T HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF TIME AND OUR VERY SPECIAL GUEST DOESN'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING...


YOU ALL KNOW ME. YOU ALL KNOW MY REPUTATION WHEN IT COMES TO SUPPLYING HIGH-QUALITY WEAPONS, NAMES AND COSTUMES.
SO BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT WHAT I HAVE FOR YOU TONIGHT JUST OUTCLASSES ANYTHING WE EVER SOLD ON THE MARKET BEFORE.
THIS IS NOT THE BEETLE MOVING ON AND SELLING UP. THIS IS NOT THE LOOTER TRYING TO MAKE A LITTLE CASH.
THIS IS A CLASS ONE SUPER-CRIMINAL WHO'S BEEN FEATURED ON THE *FBI'S MOST WANTED* MORE CONSISTENTLY THAN ANYONE OUTSIDE MAGNETO, RED SKULL, OR VICTOR VON DOOM HIMSELF.
WE LIVE IN A VERY DANGEROUS WORLD, MY FRIENDS. OUR CHOSEN PROFESSION HAS BECOME INCREASINGLY COMPETITIVE AND I DO NOT HAVE TO REMIND YOU ABOUT THE SCARS INFLICTED ON THE VULTURE THESE LAST FEW DAYS.
PURELY A *BUSINESS DECISION*, MY DEAR TINKERER. PURELY A *BUSINESS DECISION.*
WHAT I'M OFFERING YOU TONIGHT IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO PROTECT YOURSELVES LIKE YOU NEVER HAVE BEFORE. WHAT I'M OFFERING YOU NOW IS A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME SHOT AT THE *MAJOR LEAGUES...*
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT'S AUCTION IS FOR *VENOM HIMSELF.*

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THAT AIN'T VENOM!
NO, MISTER MARKO, THIS GENTLEMAN IS EDDIE BROCK, VENOM'S HUMAN HOST. MISTER BROCK AND VENOM COEXIST IN A STRANGE, SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP WHERE EACH PARTY REQUIRES THE OTHER TO SURVIVE.
VENOM, AS YOU MAY HAVE HEARD, IS A SUPER-POWERED, ALIEN PARASITE. MISTER BROCK, UNFORTUNATELY, HAS CANCER AND WOULDN'T LIVE SIX MONTHS WERE HE DISCONNECTED FROM THIS OPPORTUNISTIC ORGANISM.
SO WHY ARE WE HERE?
BECAUSE, MY OLD FRIEND, MISTER BROCK HAS SEEN A CERTAIN MEL GIBSON MOVIE, WHICH, HE SAYS, HAS CHANGED HIS LIFE FOREVER, AND NOW HE WISHES TO EXORCISE THIS BEAST FROM HIS HEART.
HE'S HAD A CRISIS OF FAITH, IT SEEMS, AND TELLS ME THAT HE'S READY TO SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS ILLNESS NOW. HE'S GIVING THE ALIEN UP TO WHOEVER MAKES THE MOST GENEROUS OFFER.
AUCTIONING A PSYCHOTIC KILLER TO A GANG OF SUPER-VILLAINS? THAT DOESN'T SOUND TOO CHRIST-LIKE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BROCK? GIVING THE PROCEEDS TO CHARITY?
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOING, MYSTERIO. THE PIECE OF TRASH WOULD ONLY FIND A NEW HOST ANYWAY, AND AT LEAST THIS WAY ALL THAT DIRTY MONEY YOU GUYS BID GOES TO A GOOD CAUSE.
WELL SAID, MISTER BROCK.
NATURALLY, YOU'LL WANT TO CHECK THE GOODS BEFORE YOU MAKE A BID, SO I'D LIKE TO WARN ANY EPILEPTICS IN THE AUDIENCE TO LOOK AWAY FOR A SECOND AS OUR FRIEND HERE GETS INTO CHARACTER.
WHEN-EVER YOU'RE READY, MISTER BROCK?
JEEZUS!
I THINK I'M GONNA HEAVE...

EXCELLENT.
NOW LET'S START THE BIDDING AT *TEN MILLION DOLLARS*, SHALL WE?
VENOMOUS
PART TWO OF FOUR

MARVEL KNIGHTS®
MARVEL PSR 7
MARK MILLAR • TERRY DODSON • RACHEL DODSON
SPIDER-MAN

PREVIOUSLY IN SPIDER-MAN

"VENOMOUS"

Aunt May being kidnapped by an unknown enemy had pushed Peter Parker closer to the edge than ever before. The psychic prediction from the X-Men's Marvel Girl that May had been murdered has pushed him right over. Forces are moving against him from a number of directions: Money troubles, a five million dollar reward for his secret identity, and the news that his villains are being secretly experimented upon. However, the disappearance of May Parker is what is tearing him apart and, all the while, Venom is lurking in the wings.

WRITER
MARK MILLAR

PENCILER
TERRY DODSON

INKER
RACHEL DODSON

COLORIST
AVALON'S IAN HANNIN

LETTERER
VC's CORY PETIT

ASSOC. EDITOR
WARREN SIMONS

EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO

CHIEF
JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

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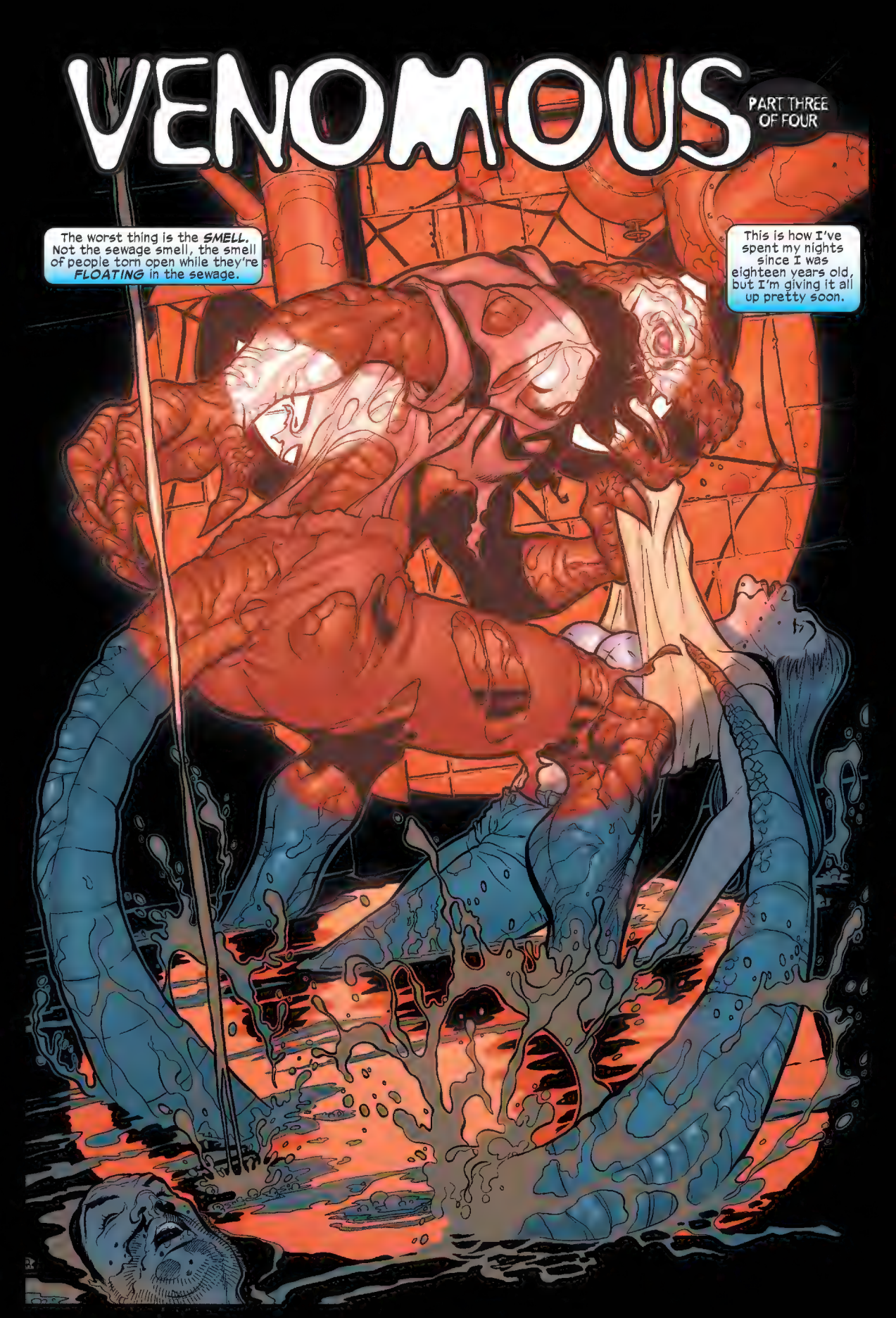
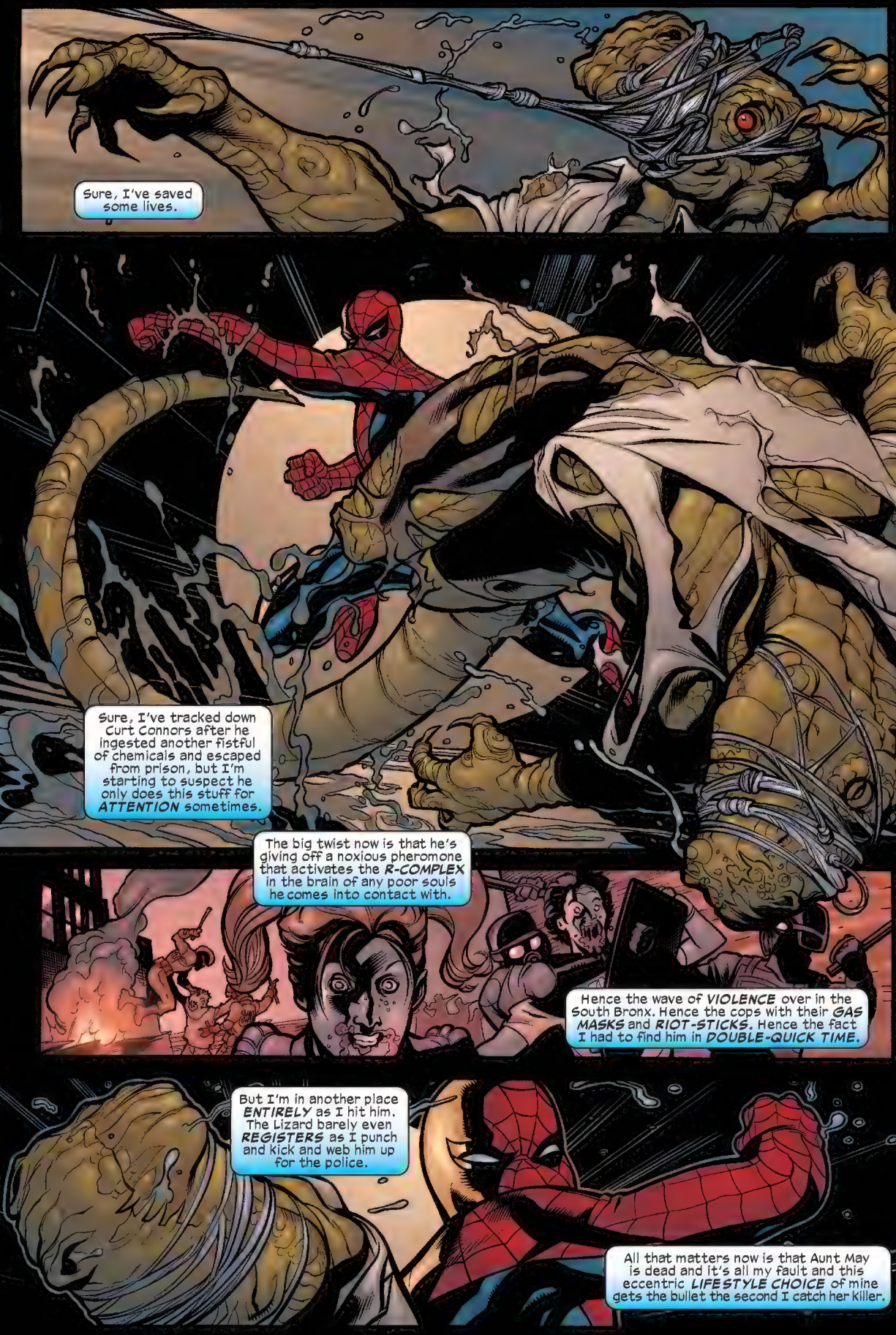
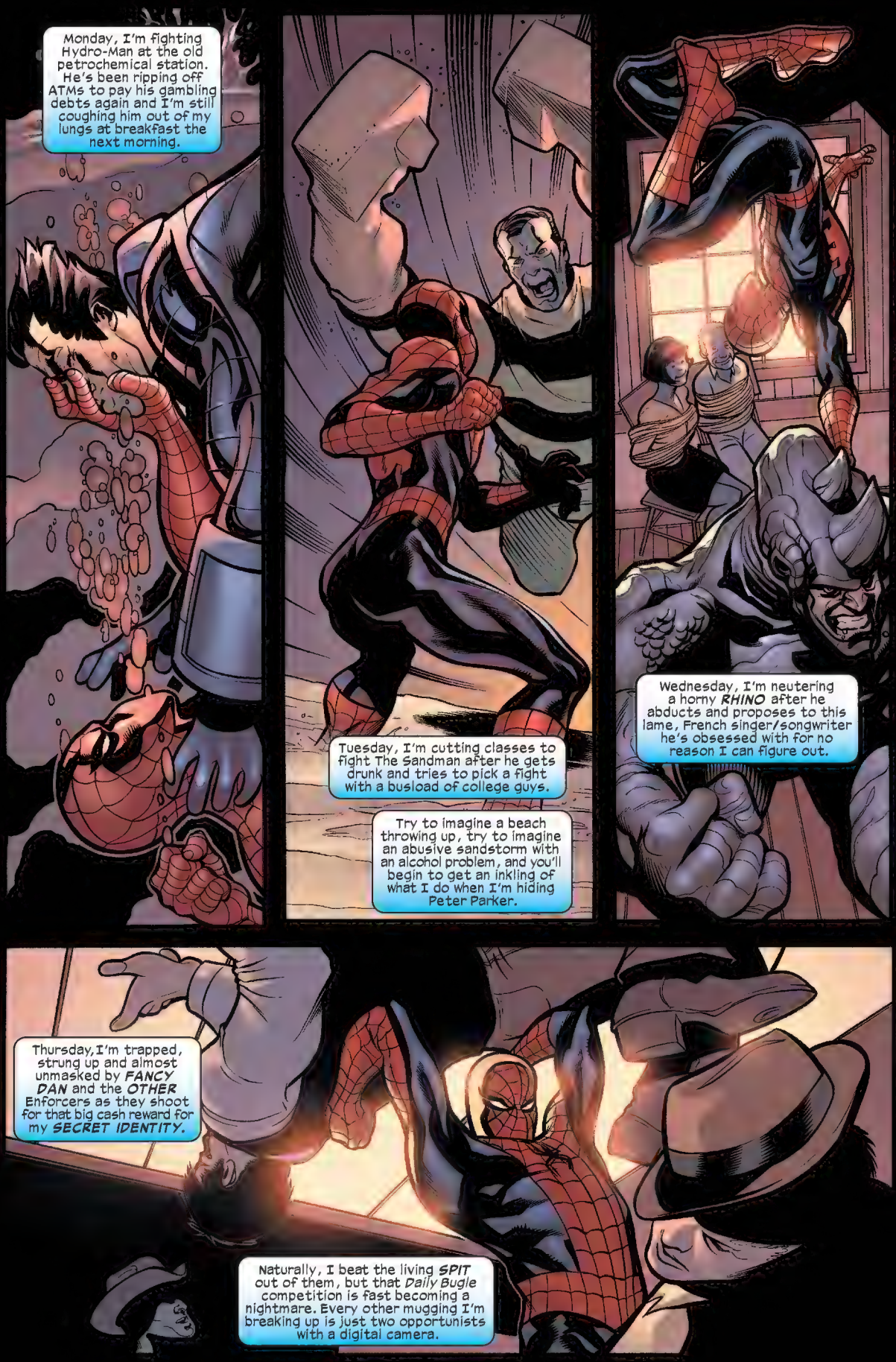

VENOMOUS
PART THREE OF FOUR
The worst thing is the SMELL. Not the sewage smell, the smell of people torn open while they're FLOATING in the sewage.
This is how I've spent my nights since I was eighteen years old, but I'm giving it all up pretty soon.


Sure, I've saved some lives.
Sure, I've tracked down Curt Connors after he ingested another fistful of chemicals and escaped from prison, but I'm starting to suspect he only does this stuff for ATTENTION sometimes.
The big twist now is that he's giving off a noxious pheromone that activates the R-COMPLEX in the brain of any poor souls he comes into contact with.
Hence the wave of VIOLENCE over in the South Bronx. Hence the cops with their GAS MASKS and RIOT-STICKS. Hence the fact I had to find him in DOUBLE-QUICK TIME.
But I'm in another place ENTIRELY as I hit him. The Lizard barely even REGISTERS as I punch and kick and web him up for the police.
All that matters now is that Aunt May is dead and it's all my fault and this eccentric LIFESTYLE CHOICE of mine gets the bullet the second I catch her killer.


Monday, I'm fighting Hydro-Man at the old petrochemical station. He's been ripping off ATMs to pay his gambling debts again and I'm still coughing him out of my lungs at breakfast the next morning.
Tuesday, I'm cutting classes to fight The Sandman after he gets drunk and tries to pick a fight with a busload of college guys.
Try to imagine a beach throwing up, try to imagine an abusive sandstorm with an alcohol problem, and you'll begin to get an inkling of what I do when I'm hiding Peter Parker.
Wednesday, I'm neutering a horny RHINO after he abducts and proposes to this lame, French singer/songwriter he's obsessed with for no reason I can figure out.
Thursday, I'm trapped, strung up and almost unmasked by FANCY DAN and the OTHER Enforcers as they shoot for that big cash reward for my SECRET IDENTITY.
Naturally, I beat the living SPIT out of them, but that Daily Bugle competition is fast becoming a nightmare. Every other mugging I'm breaking up is just two opportunists with a digital camera.

Friday, I stop three house break-ins, an assault, some kids lighting a fire and end the night chasing two stoners from The Smithsonian driving a perfect replica of something I tried very hard to FORGET...
The next two weeks nothing happens WHATSOEVER, but I can't get that image of OTTO OCTAVIUS out of my mind.
He looked so PATHETIC lying there, drugged up and helpless. Who was BEHIND that? What the Hell was GOING ON back there and why is my spider-sense telling me it's bad news?
ANY WORD, FELICIA?
INTERESTING TIDBIT ON DON FORTUNATO. YOU REMEMBER JIMMY SIX'S DAD? WELL, TURNS OUT HE WON THAT AUCTION A FEW WEEKS BACK AND HE'S SCRAPING TOGETHER EVERY CENT HE CAN FIND TO PAY THE DEBT.
ANY WORD ON THE MERCHANDISE?
THE OWL'S SAYING NOTHING. HE KNOWS THIS IS ALL BEING FED BACK TO YOU, BUT I GOT THE SHOCKER DRUNK AND HE TOLD ME EDDIE BROCK JUST AUCTIONED VENOM OFF TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

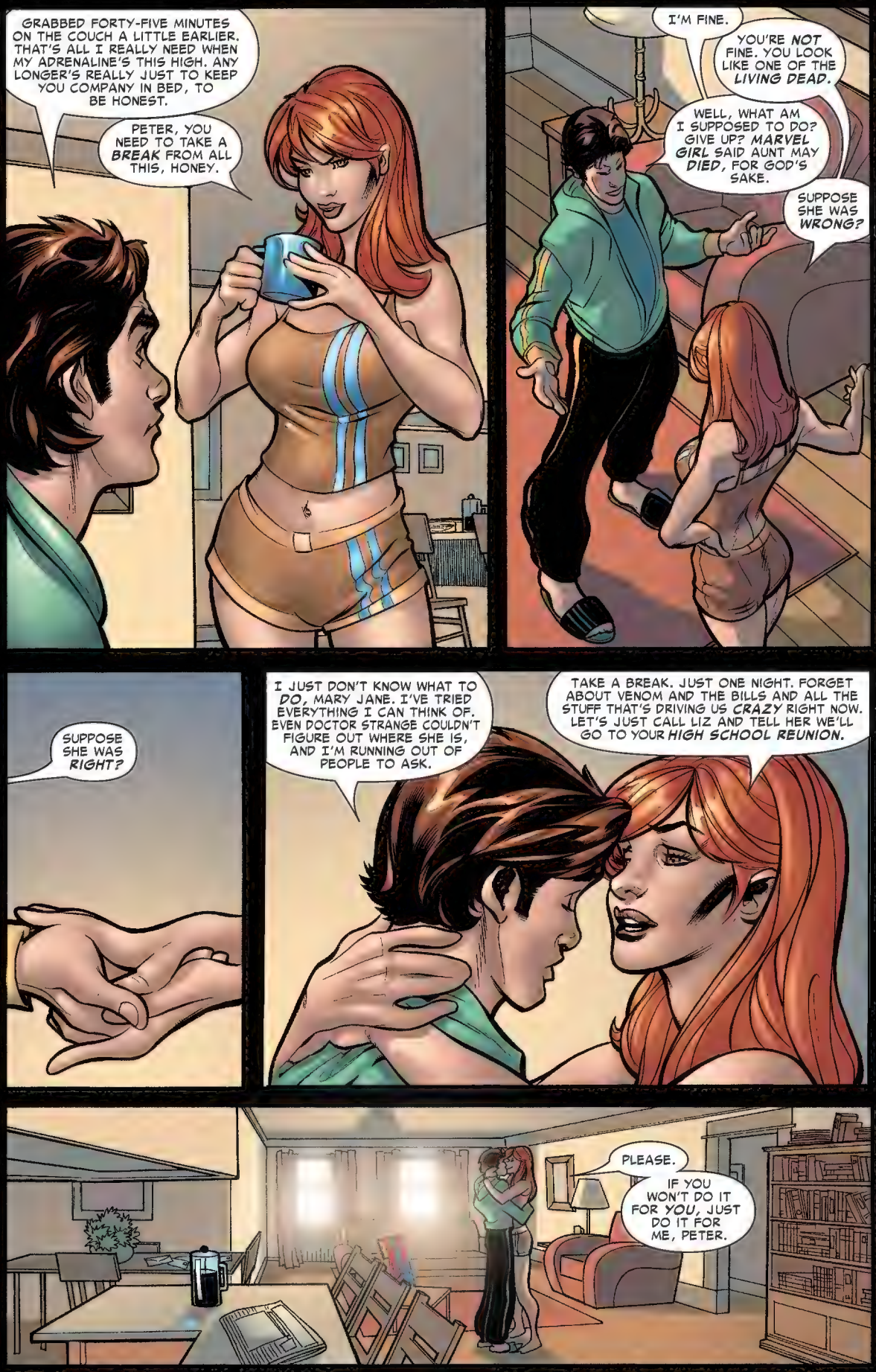
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
A HUNDRED PERCENT SERIOUS. APPARENTLY, HE'S GONE ALL RELIGIOUS, AND FORTUNATO BROKE THE BANK BECAUSE HE WANTED TO MAKE SOMETHING OF THAT LITTLE NEBBISH SON WHO ALWAYS FOLLOWED HIM AROUND.
I JUST CAN'T GET MY HEAD AROUND THE IDEA THAT BROCK WOULD GIVE UP THE SYMBIOTE LIKE THAT AFTER ALL THIS TIME.
SO ONE PSYCHO BECOMES ANOTHER PSYCHO. IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME.
WHAT'S THE WORD ON AUNT MAY? IS SHE LINKED WITH THIS AT ALL?
SORRY, PETER.
I DON'T THINK VENOM HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE KIDNAPPING.
Four weeks and five days since she was snatched. Three weeks since Rachel Summers told me she was dead.
Mary Jane's worried I'm coming apart at the seams. She hasn't said it out loud, but I can see it in her eyes. Why won't he call? Why is no one coming forward to claim responsibility for a SCALP like this?
DINER
Bladder's full. Center of gravity feels off as I leap around.
Fingers crossed that little dump down there has a MEN'S ROOM...

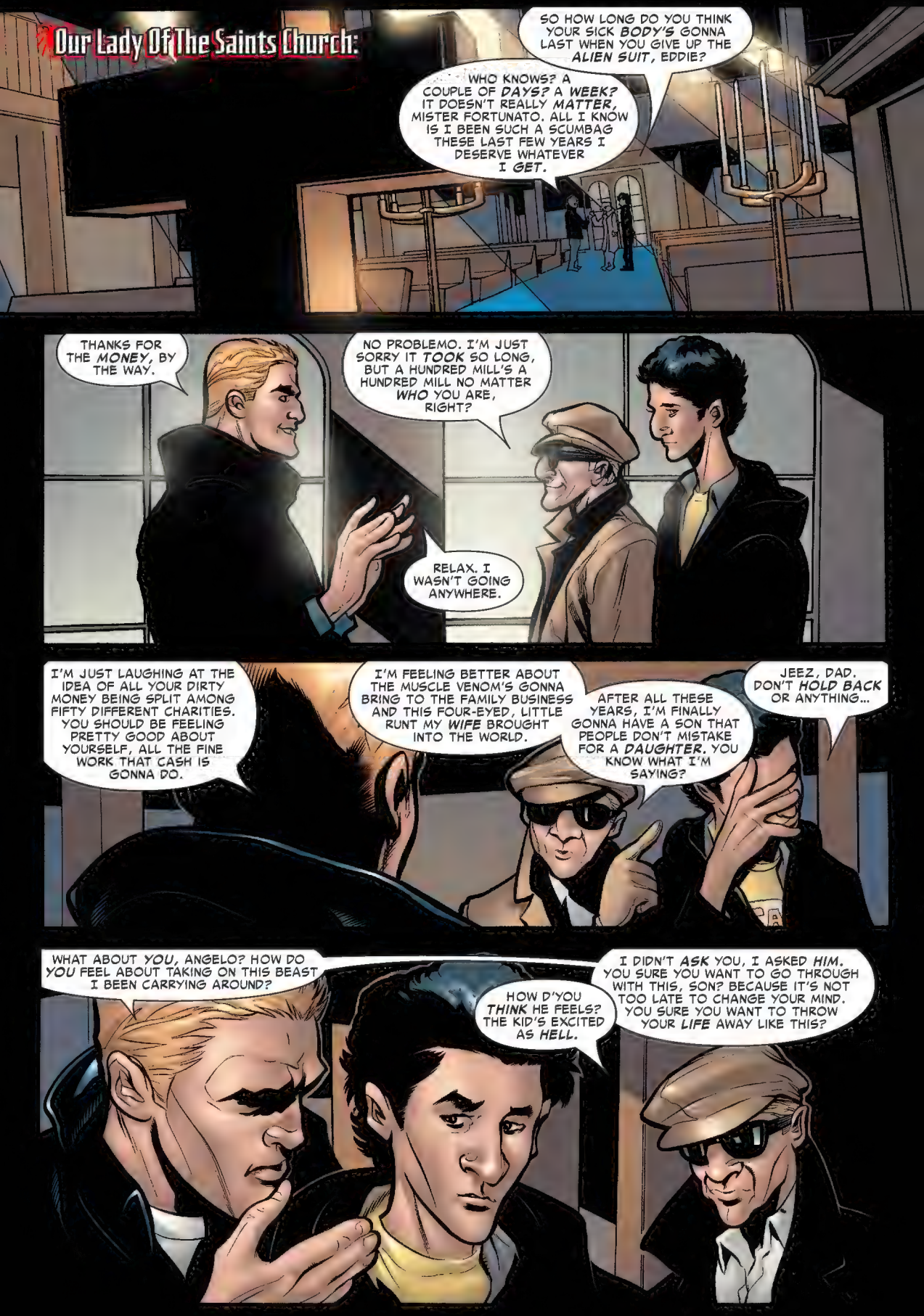
OPEN
HEY!
RESTROOMS FOR PAYING CUST ONLY
YOU READ?
UH, SORRY, BUT I JUST REALLY, REALLY HAD TO GO BACK THERE, LADY.
YEAH, WELL, SORRY, BUT NOW YOU REALLY, REALLY GOT TO BUY SOMETHING, MAN.
YOU SERIOUS?
I LOOK LIKE I GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR?
WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE, SPIDER-MAN? TONIGHT'S SPECIAL IS KEY LIME PIE AND COFFEE FOR $2.99.
UH, JUST A COFFEE ON ITS OWN, THANKS. BLACK AND LOTSA SUGAR.
COFFEE ON ITS OWN COMING UP. BUSY NIGHT OUT THERE, HONEY?

NAH, NOT REALLY. BUSTED A BUNCH OF KIDS TRYING TO BREAK INTO A LIQUOR STORE A COUPLE OF HOURS BACK, BUT OTHERWISE IT'S BEEN REALLY QUIET. WHAT ABOUT YOU, UH, RAMONA?
FIRST ONE OF THESE I MADE SINCE I GOT *IN* HERE.
WASN'T THIS PLACE ALWAYS BUSY?
RAMONA
USED TO BE, BUT THERE'S NICER PLACES STAY OPEN ALL NIGHT NOW, AND THE OWNER'S TOO CHEAP TO EVEN SHELL OUT FOR AIR-CONDITIONING. HE'S TALKING ABOUT LOSING THIS SHIFT ALTOGETHER AT THE END OF THE MONTH.
I GUESS THAT MEANS YOU'LL GET YOUR ***LIFE*** BACK, HUH?
NAH, DAYSHIFT'S NO USE TO ME. I GOT A SPECIAL NEEDS KID BACK HOME AND THE NEIGHBORS LET HIM ***SLEEP OVER*** EVERY NIGHT.
I START WORKING DURING THE DAY HE'S GONNA NEED A CARETAKER OR SOMETHING AND I CAN'T AFFORD STUFF LIKE THAT.
SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
FIND SOME ***OTHER*** WAY TO MAKE MONEY AT NIGHT, I GUESS.
MAN, I WISH I COULD THINK OF SOME WAY TO HELP, BUT I'M ACTUALLY KINDA STRAPPED FOR CASH MYSELF RIGHT NOW.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH YOU? LISTEN, YOU KNOW YOU AND I HAVE A MUTUAL FRIEND?
WHO'S THAT?
ADRIAN TOOMES?
THE VULTURE?

YEAH, WELL, I KNOW YOU TWO AIN'T EXACTLY DRINKING BUDDIES OR NUTHIN', BUT IT SEEMED LIKE THE KINDA COINCIDENCE WORTH MENTIONING.
I DATED HIS SON FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS. IN FACT, ADRIAN'S THE GRANDFATHER OF MY LITTLE BOY I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT.
Oh, man. Not the leukemia kid. Not that little kid whose operation The Vulture was stealing money to PAY for.
RAMONA
YOU SAY SOMETHING THERE, SPIDER-MAN?
NO, NOTHING. NOTHING AT ALL. IT'S JUST I COULDN'T IMAGINE THE VULTURE BEING ANYBODY'S GRANDFATHER, TO BE HONEST.
WELL, THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG. 'CAUSE ADRIAN WAS PRETTY MUCH THE BEST GRANDFATHER I EVER SAW. SAID HE'D EVEN PAY THE HALF-MILLION BUCKS TO GET MY BOY BETTER WITH SOME LITTLE NEST EGG HE'D PUT AWAY.
THAT SAID IT'S BEEN NEARLY A MONTH SINCE WE HEARD FROM HIM NOW. EVEN HIS CELL-PHONE'S SWITCHED OFF. WE DUNNO WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON, BUT HE'S SUCH A NICE GUY. WE KNOW HE WON'T LET US DOWN.
Oh, man. Like I wasn't feeling bad enough. Please, God, PLEASE let the ground open up and swallow me right now. Please get me out of here at the earliest opportunity.
EEEEOOOOWEEEEOOOOWEEEEOOOO

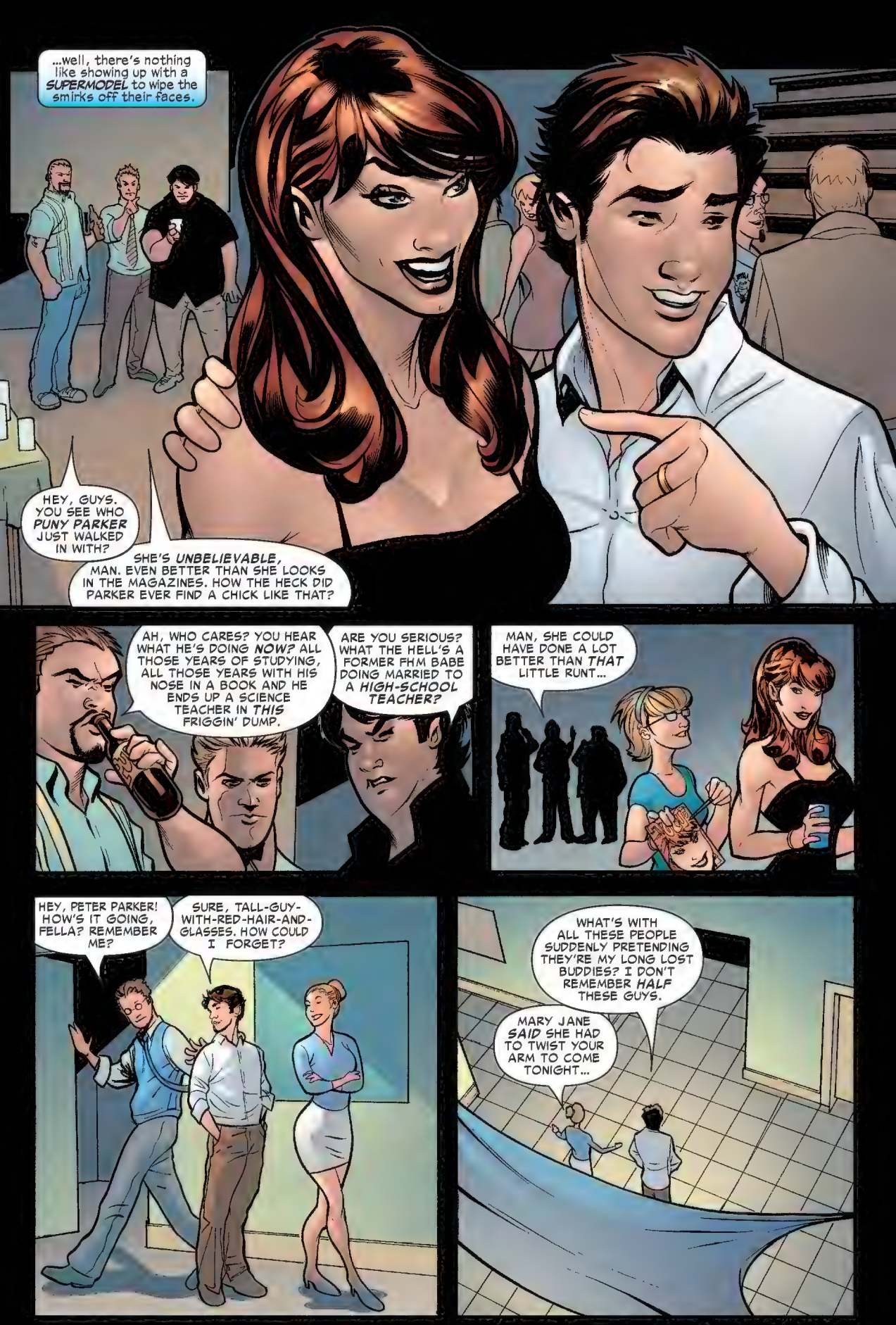
Bingo.
SOUNDS LIKE MY CUE TO SPLIT. HOW MUCH DID YOU SAY THIS WAS AGAIN?
AH, FORGET ABOUT IT.
WHAT?
ON THE HOUSE. I WAS JUST MESSING WITH YOU EARLIER. YOU THINK I'M GONNA CHARGE A REAL-LIFE SUPER HERO FOR A CUP O' COFFEE? GET OUTTA HERE! GO FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT, HUH?
Congratulations, Ramona. You just smacked me harder than a pumpkin bomb, a cybernetic tentacle and ten thousand volts of electricity all put together.
Turns out it was another hopeful in a Spider-Man costume posing for pictures on the side of the Chrysler building.
What is it with these people and this stupid COMPETITION? And who the Hell ponied up the five million dollars just to make my life even MORE of a misery?
Home by five. Showered, shaved and breakfast by six. Sitting here for an hour and a half running through everyone who knows the secret, whether they're good or bad, alive or dead.
Kaine, Thor, Kraven, Wolverine, Ezekial, The Chameleon, poor old BEN REILLY...
YOU BEEN UP ALL NIGHT AGAIN?

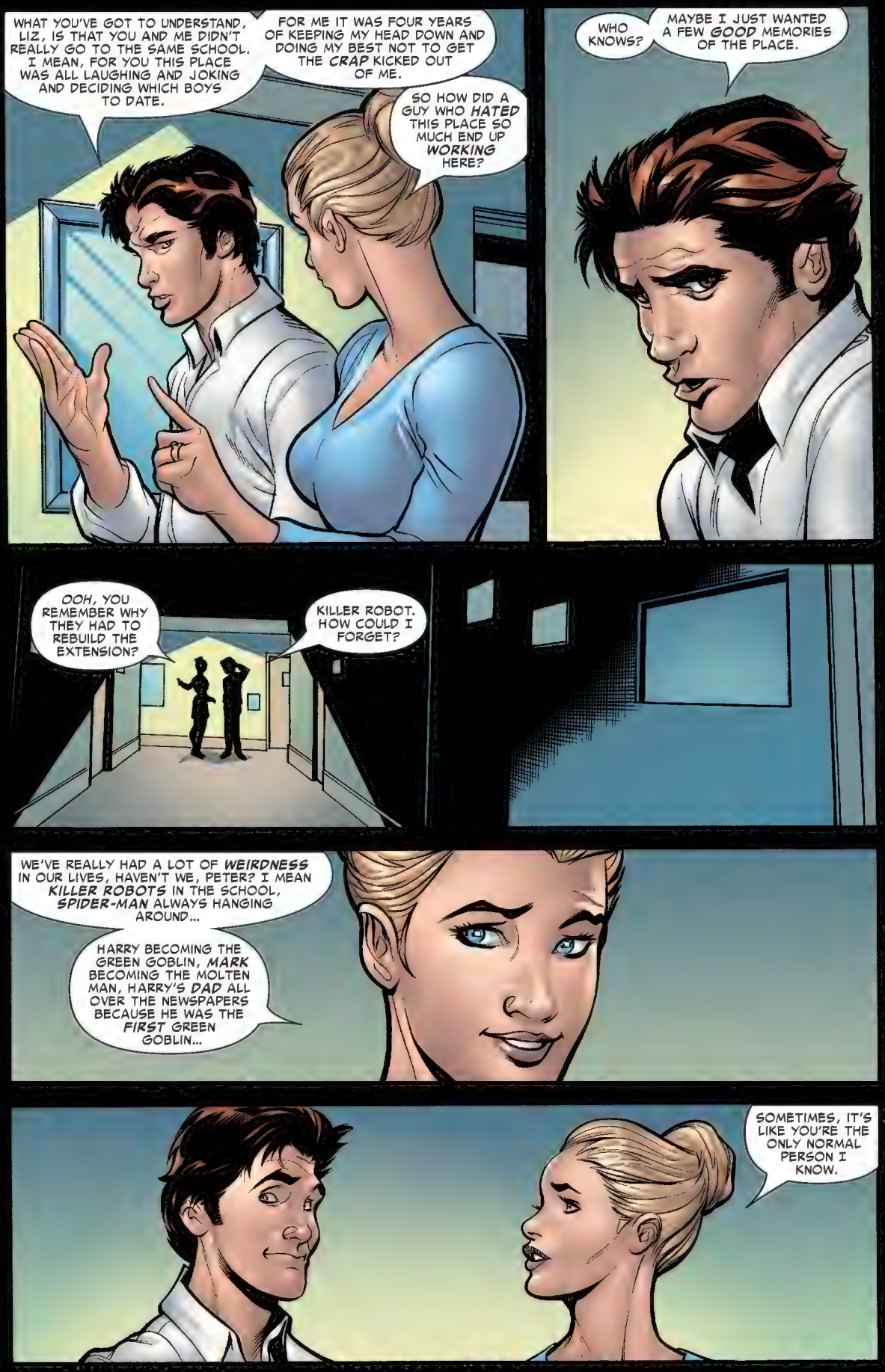

GRABBED FORTY-FIVE MINUTES ON THE COUCH A LITTLE EARLIER. THAT'S ALL I REALLY NEED WHEN MY ADRENALINE'S THIS HIGH. ANY LONGER'S REALLY JUST TO KEEP YOU COMPANY IN BED, TO BE HONEST.
PETER, YOU NEED TO TAKE A BREAK FROM ALL THIS, HONEY.
I'M FINE.
YOU'RE NOT FINE. YOU LOOK LIKE ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD.
WELL, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? GIVE UP? MARVEL GIRL SAID AUNT MAY DIED, FOR GOD'S SAKE.
SUPPOSE SHE WAS WRONG?
SUPPOSE SHE WAS RIGHT?
I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, MARY JANE. I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING I CAN THINK OF. EVEN DOCTOR STRANGE COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHERE SHE IS, AND I'M RUNNING OUT OF PEOPLE TO ASK.
TAKE A BREAK. JUST ONE NIGHT. FORGET ABOUT VENOM AND THE BILLS AND ALL THE STUFF THAT'S DRIVING US CRAZY RIGHT NOW. LET'S JUST CALL LIZ AND TELL HER WE'LL GO TO YOUR HIGH SCHOOL REUNION.
PLEASE.
IF YOU WON'T DO IT FOR YOU, JUST DO IT FOR ME, PETER.

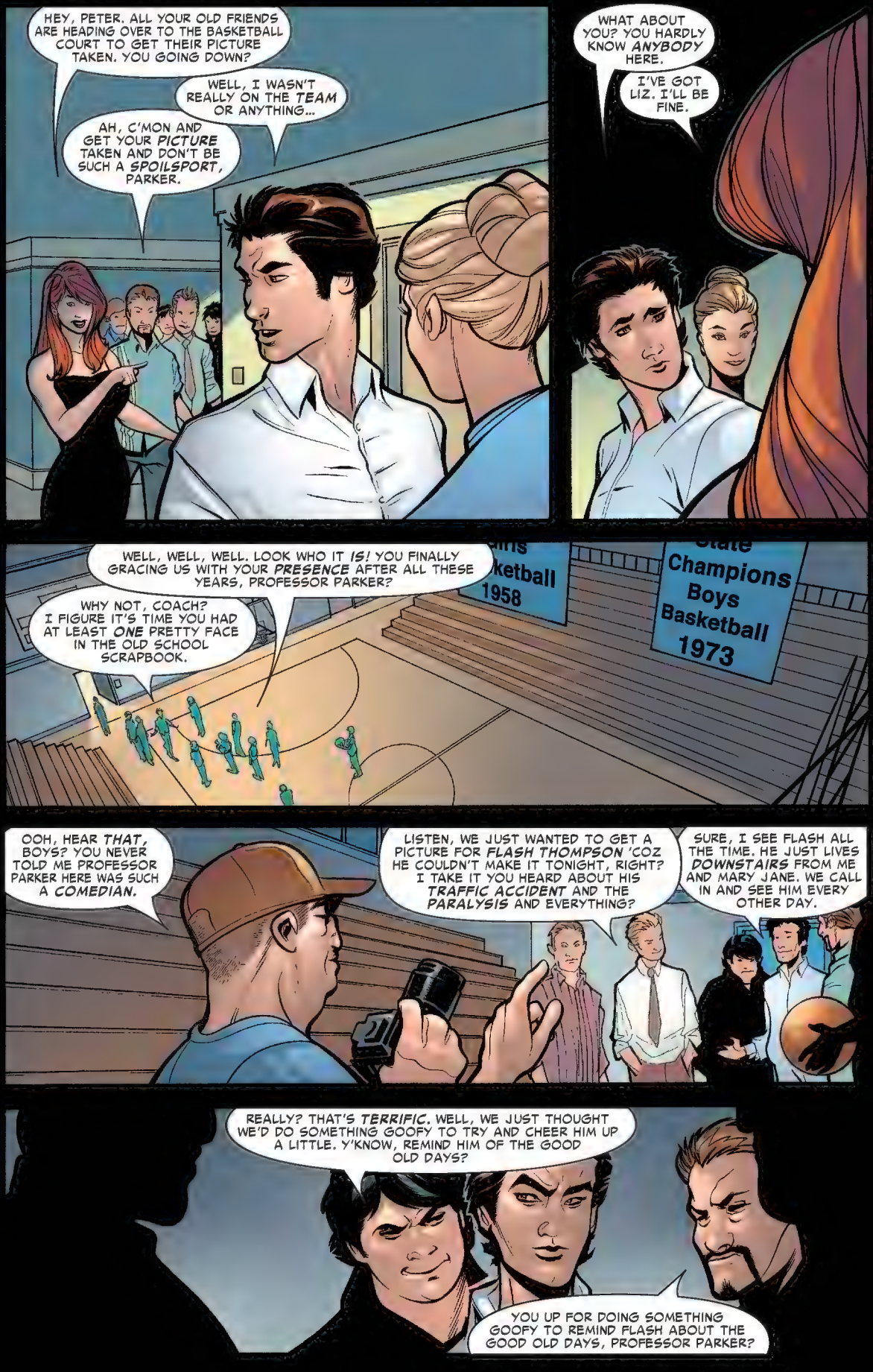

Our Lady Of The Saints Church:
SO HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOUR SICK BODY'S GONNA LAST WHEN YOU GIVE UP THE ALIEN SUIT, EDDIE?
WHO KNOWS? A COUPLE OF DAYS? A WEEK? IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER, MISTER FORTUNATO. ALL I KNOW IS I BEEN SUCH A SCUMBAG THESE LAST FEW YEARS I DESERVE WHATEVER I GET.
THANKS FOR THE MONEY, BY THE WAY.
NO PROBLEMO. I'M JUST SORRY IT TOOK SO LONG, BUT A HUNDRED MILL'S A HUNDRED MILL NO MATTER WHO YOU ARE, RIGHT?
RELAX. I WASN'T GOING ANYWHERE.
I'M JUST LAUGHING AT THE IDEA OF ALL YOUR DIRTY MONEY BEING SPLIT AMONG FIFTY DIFFERENT CHARITIES. YOU SHOULD BE FEELING PRETTY GOOD ABOUT YOURSELF, ALL THE FINE WORK THAT CASH IS GONNA DO.
I'M FEELING BETTER ABOUT THE MUSCLE VENOM'S GONNA BRING TO THE FAMILY BUSINESS AND THIS FOUR-EYED, LITTLE RUNT MY WIFE BROUGHT INTO THE WORLD.
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I'M FINALLY GONNA HAVE A SON THAT PEOPLE DON'T MISTAKE FOR A DAUGHTER. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?
JEEZ, DAD. DON'T HOLD BACK OR ANYTHING...
WHAT ABOUT YOU, ANGELO? HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT TAKING ON THIS BEAST I BEEN CARRYING AROUND?
HOW D'YOU THINK HE FEELS? THE KID'S EXCITED AS HELL.
I DIDN'T ASK YOU, I ASKED HIM. YOU SURE YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS, SON? BECAUSE IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND. YOU SURE YOU WANT TO THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY LIKE THIS?

MAN, I'M 5'9", A HUNDRED AND TEN POUNDS AND THE ONLY GIRLS THAT EVEN TALK TO ME ARE THE ONES MY DAD RENTS EVERY BIRTHDAY AND CHRISTMAS. EXACTLY *WHAT* AM I THROWING AWAY HERE?
BESIDES, YOU SEEN HOW MANY WEBSITES THIS THING HAS OUT THERE? YOU SEEN HOW MANY CHICKS ARE WRITING *FAN FICTION* ABOUT HIM?
BECOMING THE NEW *VENOM* PUTS ME IN THE MAGNETO OR DOCTOR DOOM CLASS AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS OF GETTING THE *CRAP* KICKED OUT OF ME.
UP TO *YOU*, KID. I JUST HOPE YOU REMEMBERED SOMETHING HARD TO BITE DOWN ON BECAUSE THE FIRST TIME THIS THING CRAWLS INSIDE YOU HURTS LIKE NOTHING YOU CAN IMAGINE.
IT'S CLAUSTROPHOBIC FOR A WHILE, BUT HE SETTLES IN PRETTY FAST AND YOU'LL BOTH BE BREATHING IN SYNCH BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.
IS IT TRUE IT KNOWS SPIDER-MAN'S *SECRET IDENTITY?*
OH, *YEAH*...
...AND IF YOU ASK IT NICE IT MIGHT EVEN *TELL* YOU.

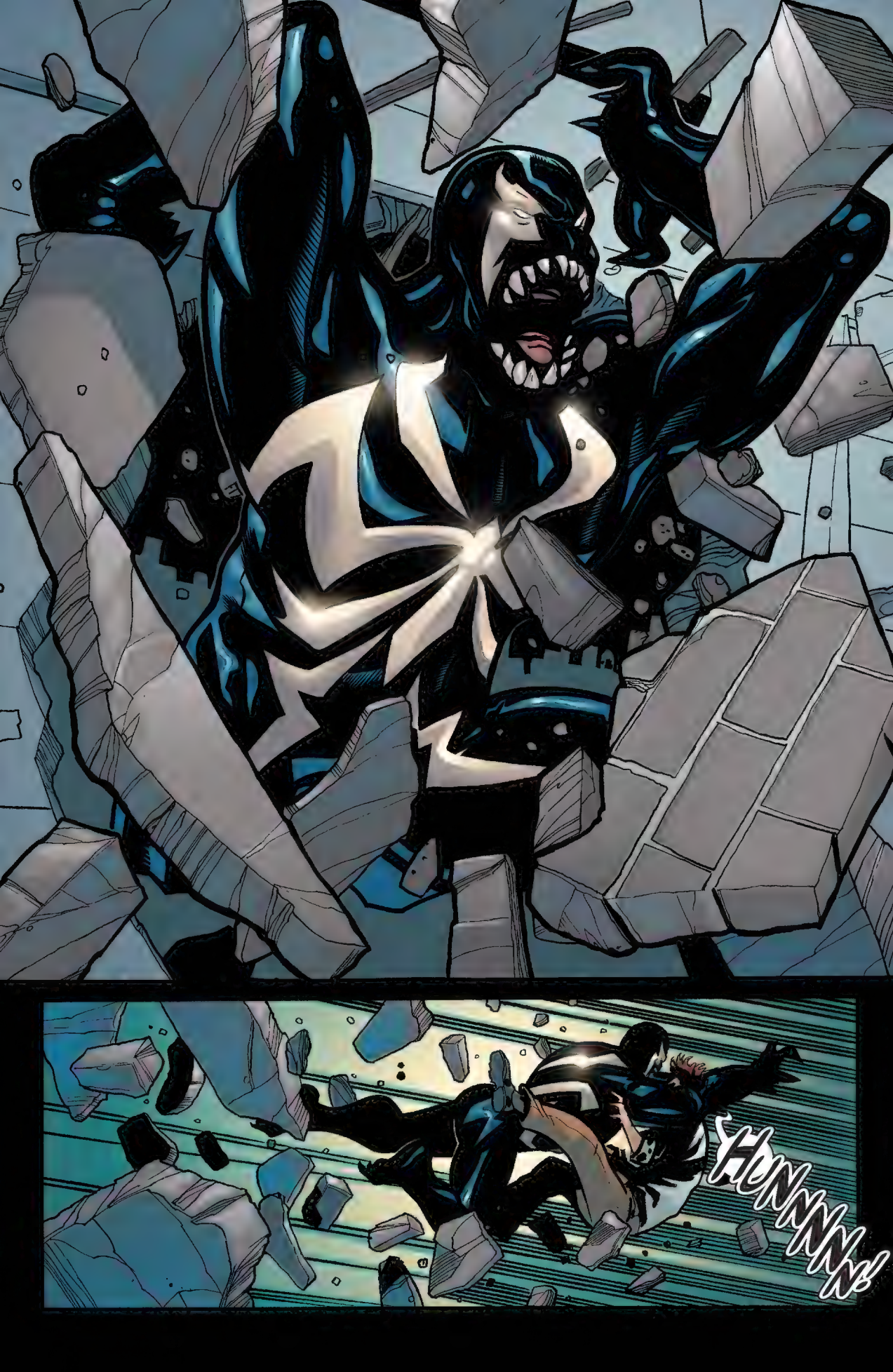
For some reason, Mary Jane seemed to think seeing all my old HIGH SCHOOL FRIENDS again might raise my mood a little.
What I tried to EXPLAIN to her is that I didn't HAVE any friends back in high school.
WELCOME CLASS of 19??
But she was right. Just like always. Sometimes there's nothing more COMFORTABLE than being around people who go as far back as you remember. Like LIZ OSBORN, for example.
We're all touchy-feely now that we're in our TWENTIES, but Liz wouldn't even look in my DIRECTION back when I was still sporting zits and those bad, second-hand clothes Aunt May used to buy me.
MISTER WARREN? YOU REMEMBER PETER PARKER WITH THE BIG, THICK GLASSES?
YOU KIDDING ME? PARKER WAS THE ONLY KID THAT EVER STEPPED INTO MY CLASS WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE. AIN'T THAT RIGHT, PETER?
ABSOLUTELY, SIR.
HOW'S LIFE TREATING YOU ANYWAY, SON? LIZ WAS TELLING ME YOU'RE TEACHING HERE NOW.
YEAH, FOR MY SINS. YOU MEET MY WIFE, MISTER WARREN? MARY JANE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET THE MAN WHO TAUGHT ME THE JOY OF BALANCING CHEMICAL EQUATIONS.
You know, this is actually a lot of fun. There's a lot more people I liked in this place than I remembered, and as for the guys who made my life a LIVING HELL...


...well, there's nothing like showing up with a SUPERMODEL to wipe the smirks off their faces.
HEY, GUYS. YOU SEE WHO PUNY PARKER JUST WALKED IN WITH?
SHE'S UNBELIEVABLE, MAN. EVEN BETTER THAN SHE LOOKS IN THE MAGAZINES. HOW THE HECK DID PARKER EVER FIND A CHICK LIKE THAT?
AH, WHO CARES? YOU HEAR WHAT HE'S DOING NOW? ALL THOSE YEARS OF STUDYING, ALL THOSE YEARS WITH HIS NOSE IN A BOOK AND HE ENDS UP A SCIENCE TEACHER IN THIS FRIGGIN' DUMP.
ARE YOU SERIOUS? WHAT THE HELL'S A FORMER FHM BABE DOING MARRIED TO A HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHER?
MAN, SHE COULD HAVE DONE A LOT BETTER THAN THAT LITTLE RUNT...
HEY, PETER PARKER! HOW'S IT GOING, FELLA? REMEMBER ME?
SURE, TALL-GUY-WITH-RED-HAIR-AND-GLASSES. HOW COULD I FORGET?
WHAT'S WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE SUDDENLY PRETENDING THEY'RE MY LONG LOST BUDDIES? I DON'T REMEMBER HALF THESE GUYS.
MARY JANE SAID SHE HAD TO TWIST YOUR ARM TO COME TONIGHT...


WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND, LIZ, IS THAT YOU AND ME DIDN'T REALLY GO TO THE SAME SCHOOL. I MEAN, FOR YOU THIS PLACE WAS ALL LAUGHING AND JOKING AND DECIDING WHICH BOYS TO DATE.
FOR ME IT WAS FOUR YEARS OF KEEPING MY HEAD DOWN AND DOING MY BEST NOT TO GET THE CRAP KICKED OUT OF ME.
SO HOW DID A GUY WHO HATED THIS PLACE SO MUCH END UP WORKING HERE?
WHO KNOWS?
MAYBE I JUST WANTED A FEW GOOD MEMORIES OF THE PLACE.
OOH, YOU REMEMBER WHY THEY HAD TO REBUILD THE EXTENSION?
KILLER ROBOT. HOW COULD I FORGET?
WE'VE REALLY HAD A LOT OF WEIRDNESS IN OUR LIVES, HAVEN'T WE, PETER? I MEAN KILLER ROBOTS IN THE SCHOOL, SPIDER-MAN ALWAYS HANGING AROUND...
HARRY BECOMING THE GREEN GOBLIN, MARK BECOMING THE MOLTEN MAN, HARRY'S DAD ALL OVER THE NEWSPAPERS BECAUSE HE WAS THE FIRST GREEN GOBLIN...
SOMETIMES, IT'S LIKE YOU'RE THE ONLY NORMAL PERSON I KNOW.


HEY, PETER. ALL YOUR OLD FRIENDS ARE HEADING OVER TO THE BASKETBALL COURT TO GET THEIR PICTURE TAKEN. YOU GOING DOWN?
WELL, I WASN'T REALLY ON THE TEAM OR ANYTHING...
AH, C'MON AND GET YOUR PICTURE TAKEN AND DON'T BE SUCH A SPOILSPORT, PARKER.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU HARDLY KNOW ANYBODY HERE.
I'VE GOT LIZ. I'LL BE FINE.
WELL, WELL, WELL. LOOK WHO IT IS! YOU FINALLY GRACING US WITH YOUR PRESENCE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, PROFESSOR PARKER?
WHY NOT, COACH? I FIGURE IT'S TIME YOU HAD AT LEAST ONE PRETTY FACE IN THE OLD SCHOOL SCRAPBOOK.
1958
Champions
Boys
Basketball
1973
OOH, HEAR THAT, BOYS? YOU NEVER TOLD ME PROFESSOR PARKER HERE WAS SUCH A COMEDIAN.
LISTEN, WE JUST WANTED TO GET A PICTURE FOR FLASH THOMPSON 'COZ HE COULDN'T MAKE IT TONIGHT, RIGHT? I TAKE IT YOU HEARD ABOUT HIS TRAFFIC ACCIDENT AND THE PARALYSIS AND EVERYTHING?
SURE, I SEE FLASH ALL THE TIME. HE JUST LIVES DOWNSTAIRS FROM ME AND MARY JANE. WE CALL IN AND SEE HIM EVERY OTHER DAY.
REALLY? THAT'S TERRIFIC. WELL, WE JUST THOUGHT WE'D DO SOMETHING GOOFY TO TRY AND CHEER HIM UP A LITTLE. Y'KNOW, REMIND HIM OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS?
YOU UP FOR DOING SOMETHING GOOFY TO REMIND FLASH ABOUT THE GOOD OLD DAYS, PROFESSOR PARKER?

OH, GOD. WHY AM I STARTING TO GET A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS...?
WEDGIE!!
MAN, YOU'RE IN YOUR TWENTIES NOW. DON'T EMBARRASS YOURSELF.
SUPERSONIC WEDGIE!!!
PS
SERIOUSLY, I'M NOT THE GUY I WAS BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL, YOU MORONS. FIRST PERSON LAYS A FINGER ON ME LEAVES THE GYM ON A FREAKIN' STRETCHER!


HUNNNNN!

VENOM!
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY, MISTER PARKER? WHAT AM I DOING HERE? MAN, WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING HERE YOU BIG, STUPID IDIOT?
HUTTT!
NGGH!
I'M KICKING YOUR @$$!

AAAGGH!
EDDIE! FOR GOD'S SAKE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? THESE ARE INNOCENT PEOPLE YOU'VE INJURED!
OH, EDDIE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE, SPIDER-MAN. YOU'RE TALKING TO ANGELO FORTUNATO AND I'M HERE TO MAKE A NAME FOR MYSELF...
PETER PARKER'S SPIDER-MAN?

...STARTING WITH YOU.

MARVEL KNIGHTS®
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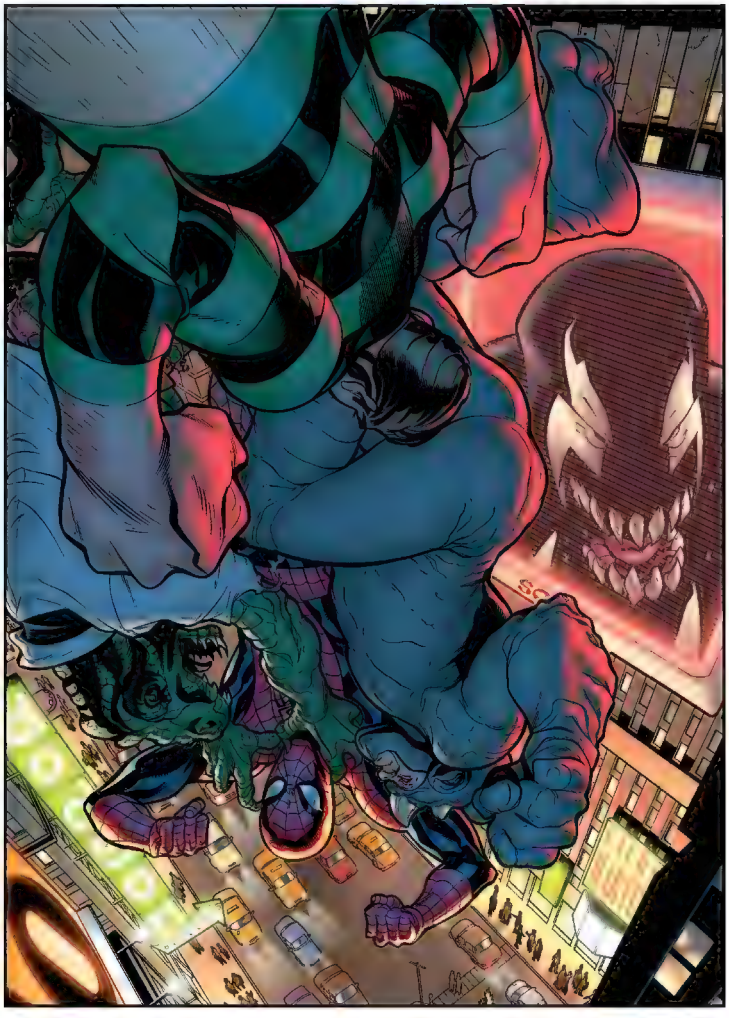
MARK MILLAR • FRANK CHO
SPIDER-MAN
VENOMOUS
PART 3

PREVIOUSLY IN SPIDER-MAN

"VENOMOUS"
PART IV OF IV



After his Aunt May is violently kidnapped by a mysterious assailant, Peter Parker watches his world unravel at a furious pace. Old enemies crawl out of the woodwork like smoke pouring from a three-alarm fire. The Daily Bugle offers a five million dollar reward for Spider-Man's secret identity--turning Manhattanites into either Spider-Man foes or impersonators. The X-Men's Marvel Girl tells Peter that his Aunt May has likely been murdered. And on the home front, Peter's wife, Mary Jane, tells him that they're bankrupt.

Now, amid a night of refuge from the carnage, Peter is attacked at his high school reunion by his long-time foe, the symbiote named Venom. After Venom murders several of Peter's classmates, Peter realizes that something is dramatically different about the creature...that he might not be dealing with exactly who he thinks he is...

WRITER
MARK MILLAR

ARTIST
FRANK CHO

COLORIST
LAURA MARTIN

LETTERER
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

ASSOC. EDITOR
WARREN SIMONS

EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO

CHIEF
JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

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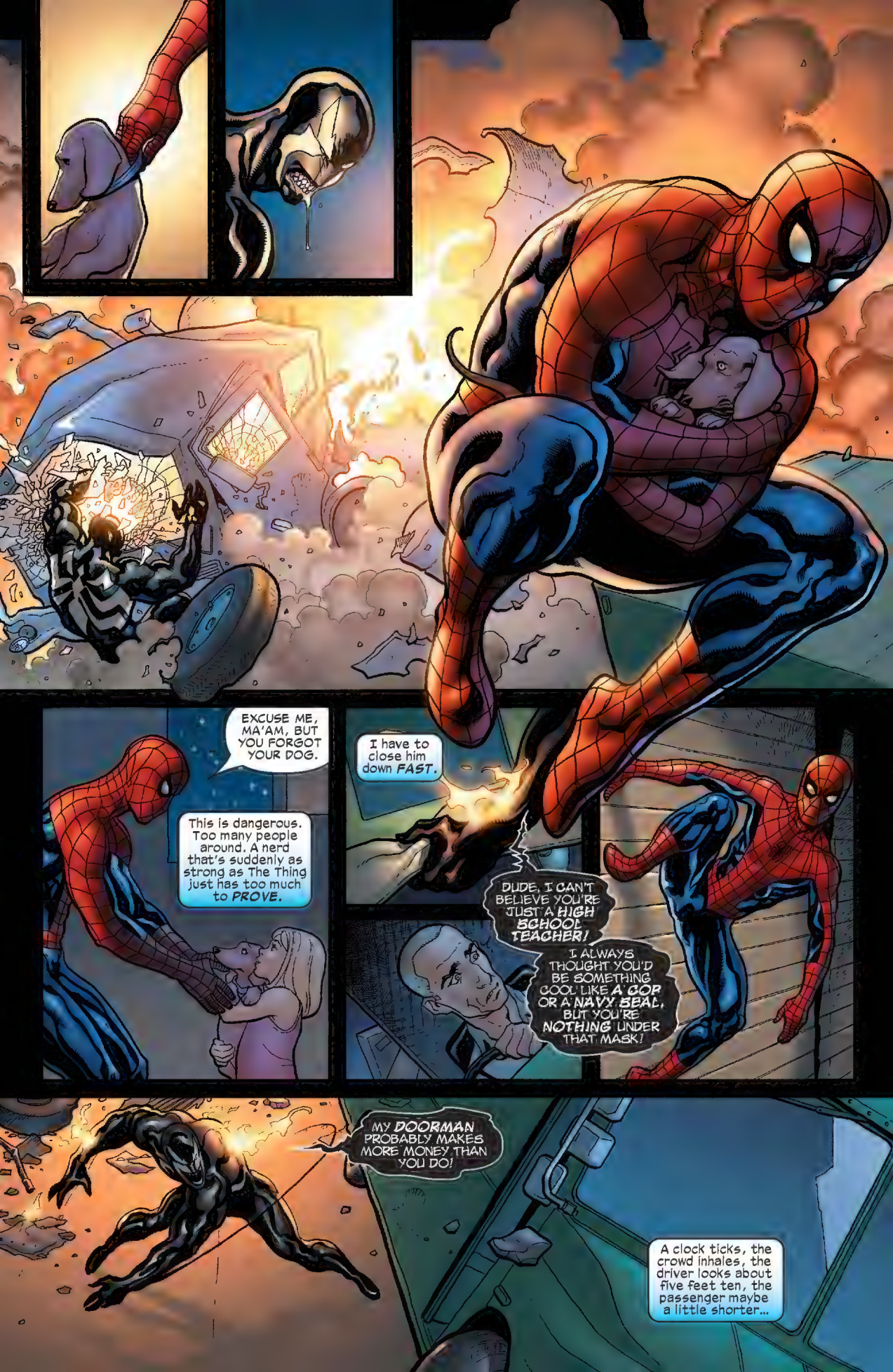
THOOM!!
NO!
Unfortunately, this isn't the FIRST time I've ended up fighting for my life in the school showers.
VENOMOUS
PART FOUR OF FOUR

Twice a week, this used to happen after gym class, regular as clockwork, but Venom's a PIECE OF CAKE after Flash Thompson and his ugly twelve apostles.
Except, of course, this isn't VENOM.
HANDS OFFA ME, MAN!
This is a gangster's kid named ANGELO FORTUNATO, and he just told me his Dad BOUGHT him The Symbiote at a SUPER-VILLAIN AUCTION.
UNNH!
OKAY, YOU LITTLE PUNK! YOU WANNA DO THIS LET'S DO IT!
The OLD Venom would NEVER have crashed my high school reunion and murdered an innocent person.
The old Venom had a working set of MORALS in his own STRANGE and CONVOLUTED WAY.

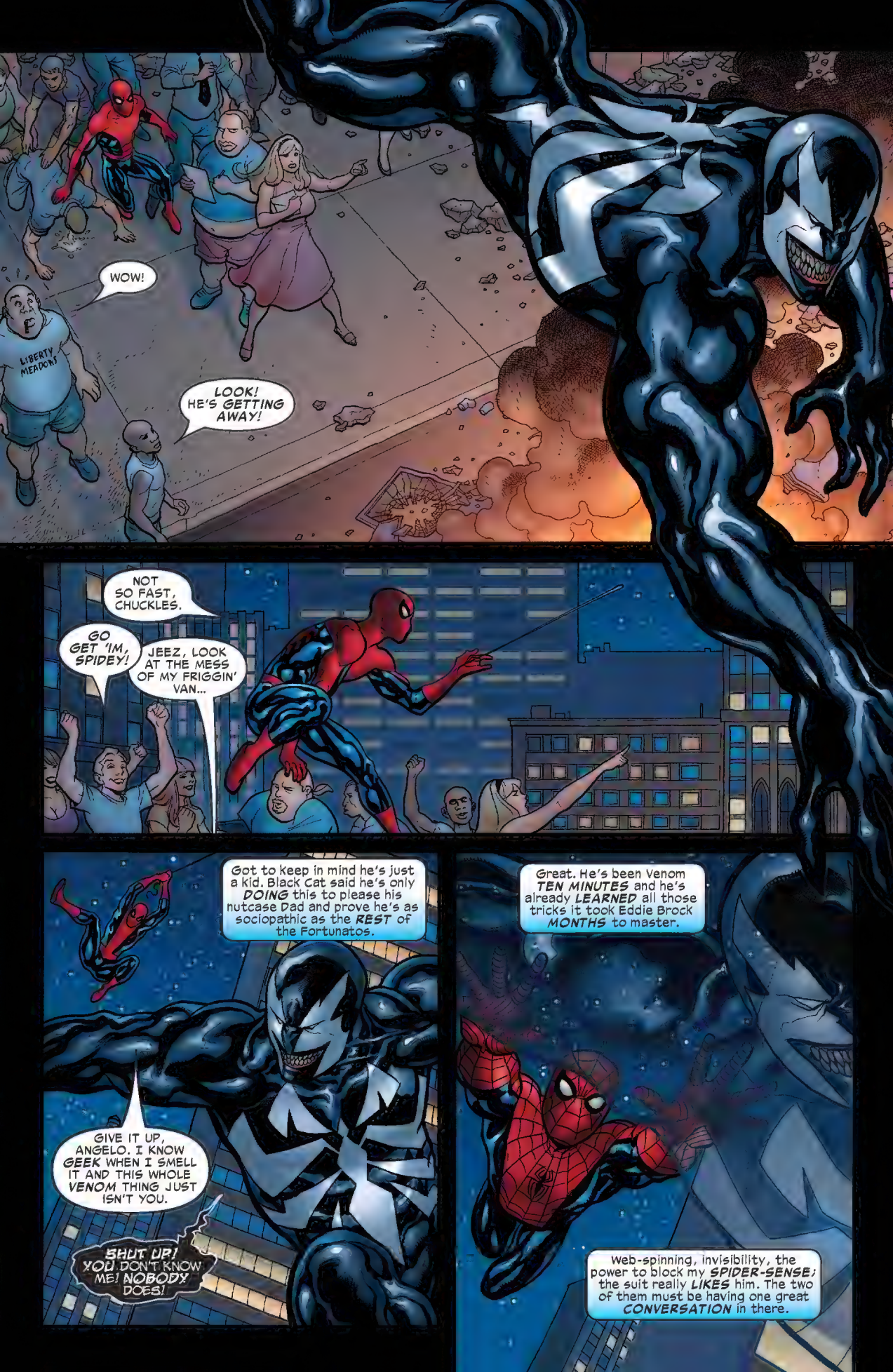
CLASS of 199
ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS LINE ACTUALLY WORKS SOMETIMES? THAT SOME POOR WOMEN HAVE ACTUALLY FALLEN FOR THIS GARBAGE?
IT'S THE TRUTH, MARY JANE, AND I'M ONLY TELLING YOU BECAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE THE KINDA GIRL THAT CAN KEEP A SECRET. YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THE BUGLE'S OFFERING FOR THIS INFORMATION?
I'M SPIDER-MAN, BABY. THIS IS MY GIFT, THIS IS MY CURSE. YOU COME BACK TO MY PLACE AND I'LL EVEN SHOW YOU THE OLD RED AND BLUE PAJAMAS.
SORRY, SPIDEY, BUT I'M ALREADY MARRIED TO THE HULK AND YOU KNOW HOW BIG AND CRANKY HE GETS WHEN SOMEONE HITS ON HIS GIRL.
OH MY GOD!
OKAY, NOW I JUST FEEL STUPID...
LIZ! HIT THE FIRE ALARM! WE NEED TO EVACUATE THE BUILDING!!
Good girl, MJ. Keep a clear head and get everybody out of here. I'll do what I can to take the fight OUTSIDE.
PUCKER UP, SWEETIE! HERE'S A BIG, JUICY, WET ONE FROM YOUR DEAR, OLD AUNT SPIDEY!

ARE YOU KIDDING? IT'S LIKE YOU'RE MOVING IN SLOW MOTION OR SOMETHING, SPIDER-MAN...
He's learning FAST. Giving in to THE SYMBIOTE'S instincts and just fighting on AUTOPILOT here.
AAAGGHH!
Still, at least this gets the fight OUTSIDE.
C'MON, GUYS. MOVE! MOVE! YOU KNOW THE DRILL IF THERE'S A SUPER-VILLAIN IN A PUBLIC BUILDING!
WHY DOES THIS KEEP HAPPENING TO US, MJ? WHY DO THESE FREAKS KEEP FOLLOWING US AROUND?
This is insane. Fortunato's youngest couldn't have weighed more than a hundred and twenty, but this guy's TWICE the size of the old Venom. How's that even POSSIBLE?

Is he really packing that much HATE?
WHOA!
YOU'RE A REAL DISAPPOINTMENT, YOU KNOW THAT, ANGELO?
A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS ON AN ALIEN SUIT AND YOU'RE STILL A FREAKIN' LOSER.
YOUR DAD MUST BE REALLY PROUD.
Spider-sense kicks in with a three-sixty snapshot:
Pekinese-yapping...
McSWIGGIN GAS
...people-screaming...
...undercover cop holding a standard-issue and wondering whether or not to FIRE...
...not to mention the GAS TRUCK.
GET OUTTA THE WAY!


EXCUSE ME, MA'AM, BUT YOU FORGOT YOUR DOG.
This is dangerous. Too many people around. A nerd that's suddenly as strong as The Thing just has too much to PROVE.
I have to close him down FAST.
DUDE, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE JUST A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER!
I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU'D BE SOMETHING COOL LIKE A COP OR A NAVY SEAL, BUT YOU'RE NOTHING UNDER THAT MASK!
MY DOORMAN PROBABLY MAKES MORE MONEY THAN YOU DO!
A clock ticks, the crowd inhales, the driver looks about five feet ten, the passenger maybe a little shorter...

FRAGILE
Time to show this punk who he's DEALING with here.


WOW!
LIBERTY MEADOWS
LOOK! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
NOT SO FAST, CHUCKLES.
GO GET 'IM, SPIDEY!
JEEZ, LOOK AT THE MESS OF MY FRIGGIN' VAN...
Got to keep in mind he's just a kid. Black Cat said he's only DOING this to please his nutcase Dad and prove he's as sociopathic as the REST of the Fortunatos.
GIVE IT UP, ANGELO. I KNOW GEEK WHEN I SMELL IT AND THIS WHOLE VENOM THING JUST ISN'T YOU.
SHUT UP! YOU DON'T KNOW ME! NOBODY DOES!
Great. He's been Venom TEN MINUTES and he's already LEARNED all those tricks it took Eddie Brock MONTHS to master.
Web-spinning, invisibility, the power to block my SPIDER-SENSE; the suit really LIKES him. The two of them must be having one great CONVERSATION in there.

DON'T LISTEN TO IT, ANGELO! THE SUIT JUST FEEDS ON HATE! IT DOESN'T CARE ABOUT YOU! IT'S ONLY GONNA CHEW YOU UP AND SPIT YOU OUT LIKE IT CHEWED UP EDDIE BROCK!
YOU THINK BROCK LOOKED HAPPY BACK THERE? YOU THINK BEING A MONSTER FEELS ANY BETTER THAN BEING A JERK?
THAT CLASSMATE YOU KILLED IS NEVER COMING BACK, MAN! YOU REALLY WANT TO BE REMEMBERED AS THE GUY WHO MURDERED AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER?
NAH...
...JUST THE GUY WHO KILLED SPIDER-MAN.
WHAT?

CHUUK!

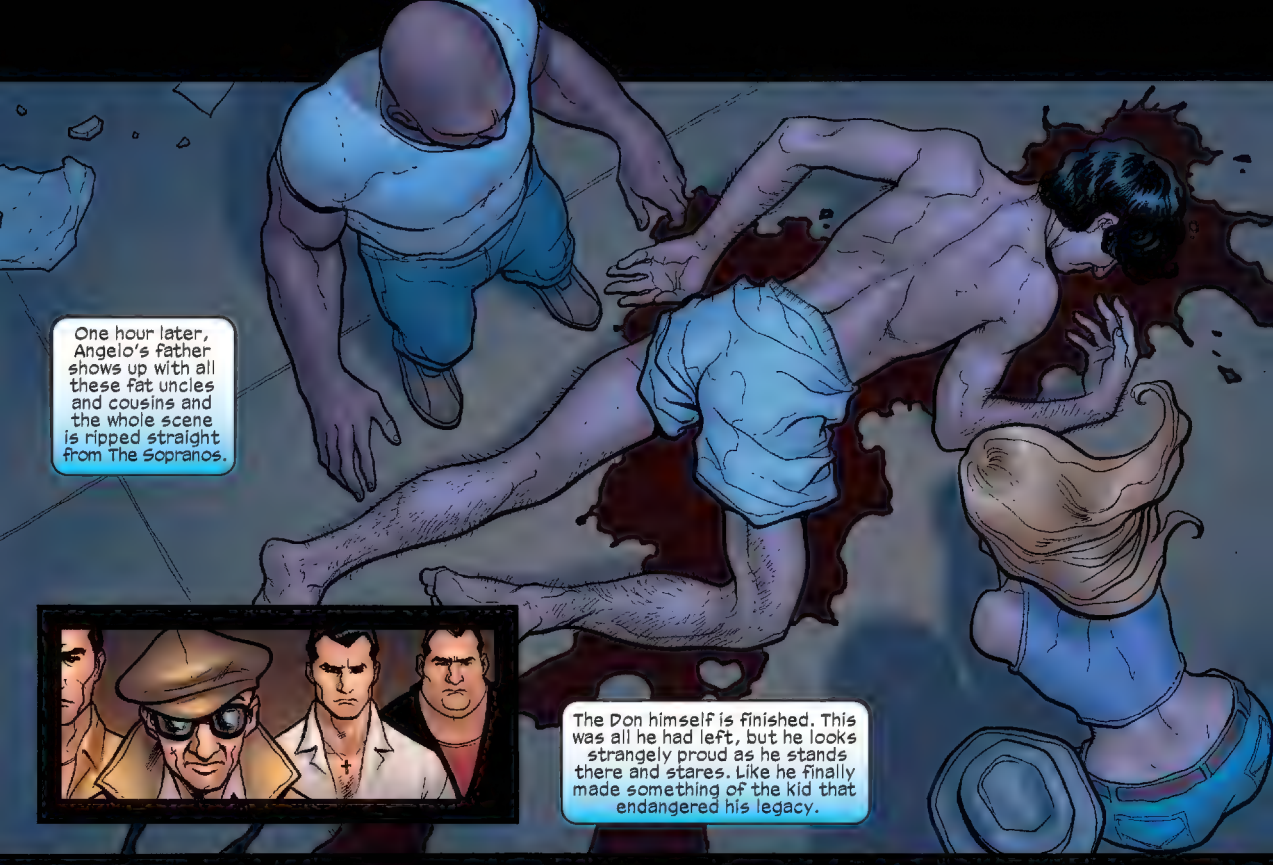
...
OH MY GOD.
I DID IT. I KILLED HIM.
ALL THOSE BIG GUYS OUT THERE... GREEN GOBLIN, DOCTOR DOOM, DOCTOR OCTOPUS AND ALL THOSE CLOWNS... I JUST DID WHAT NONE OF THEM COULD DO... EVEN WHEN THEY ALL GANGED UP.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT? IT WASN'T EVEN THAT DIFFICULT.
I KILLED HIM FOR YOU, DAD. YOU HEAR ME?
ANGELO FORTUNATO JUST KILLED SPIDER-MAN!
HE...HE SAID THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN. THIS IS INSANE. HE... HE PROMISED THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY RISK...
WHAT? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

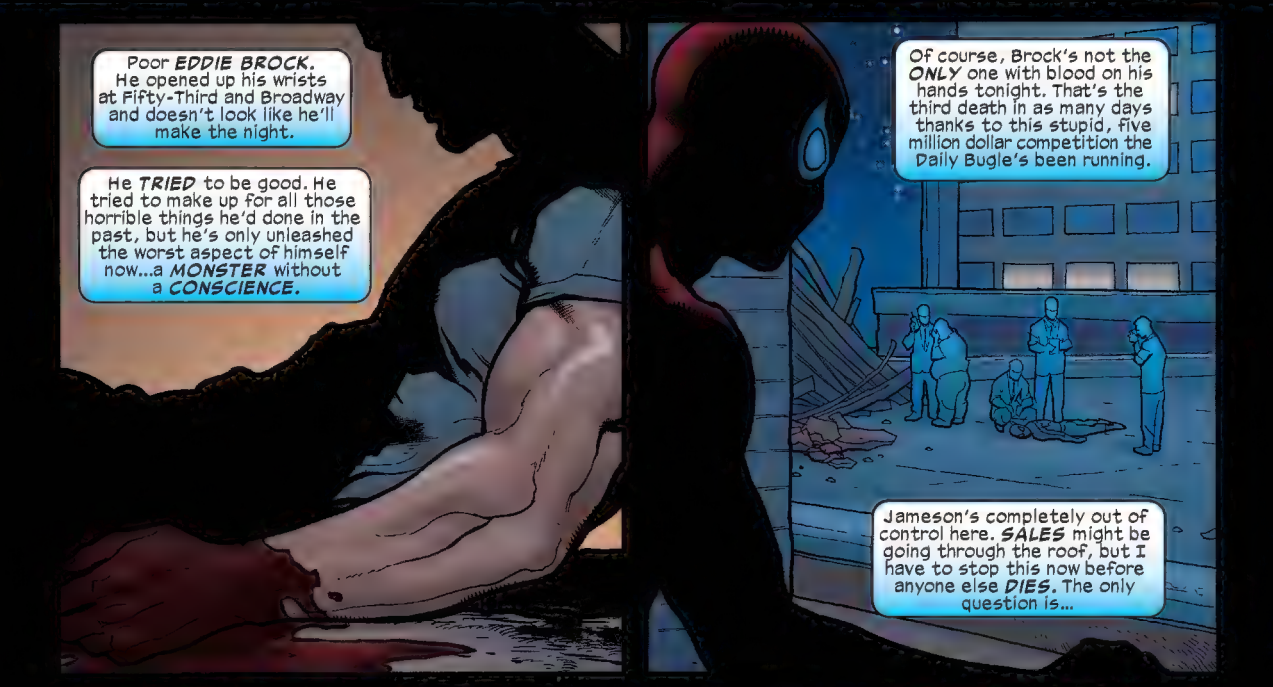
Oh g*d$#!+
No more CHANCES, dirtbag.
ALL WE WANTED WAS THE BUGLE'S FIVE MILLION FOR SPIDER-MAN'S SECRET IDENTITY. NOBODY WAS SUPPOSED TO GET HURT. NOBODY WAS SUPPOSED TO DIE...
UNNH!
I KNOW you were the family joke. I KNOW people poked fun at you your entire life. I KNOW these powers were your first chance to dazzle your old man, but that's STILL no excuse...

You weren't bullied any more than I was, Angelo.
You weren't punched or kicked or spat upon any more than me.
You were given GREAT POWERS and you used them to KILL people, you little freak.
So like I said--
No more CHANCES.
PLEASE! DON'T HIT ME ANYMORE! I GIVE UP! I GIVE UP!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'RE TWICE AS STRONG AS HE IS!
TAKE HIM DOWN, ANGELO! ONE PUNCH FROM YOU COULD TAKE THIS INSECT'S HEAD OFF!
URFF!
ANGELO! KEEP IT TOGETHER!
YOUR FEAR'S SHAKING US APART!
STAY FOCUSED. WE CAN FINISH THIS!

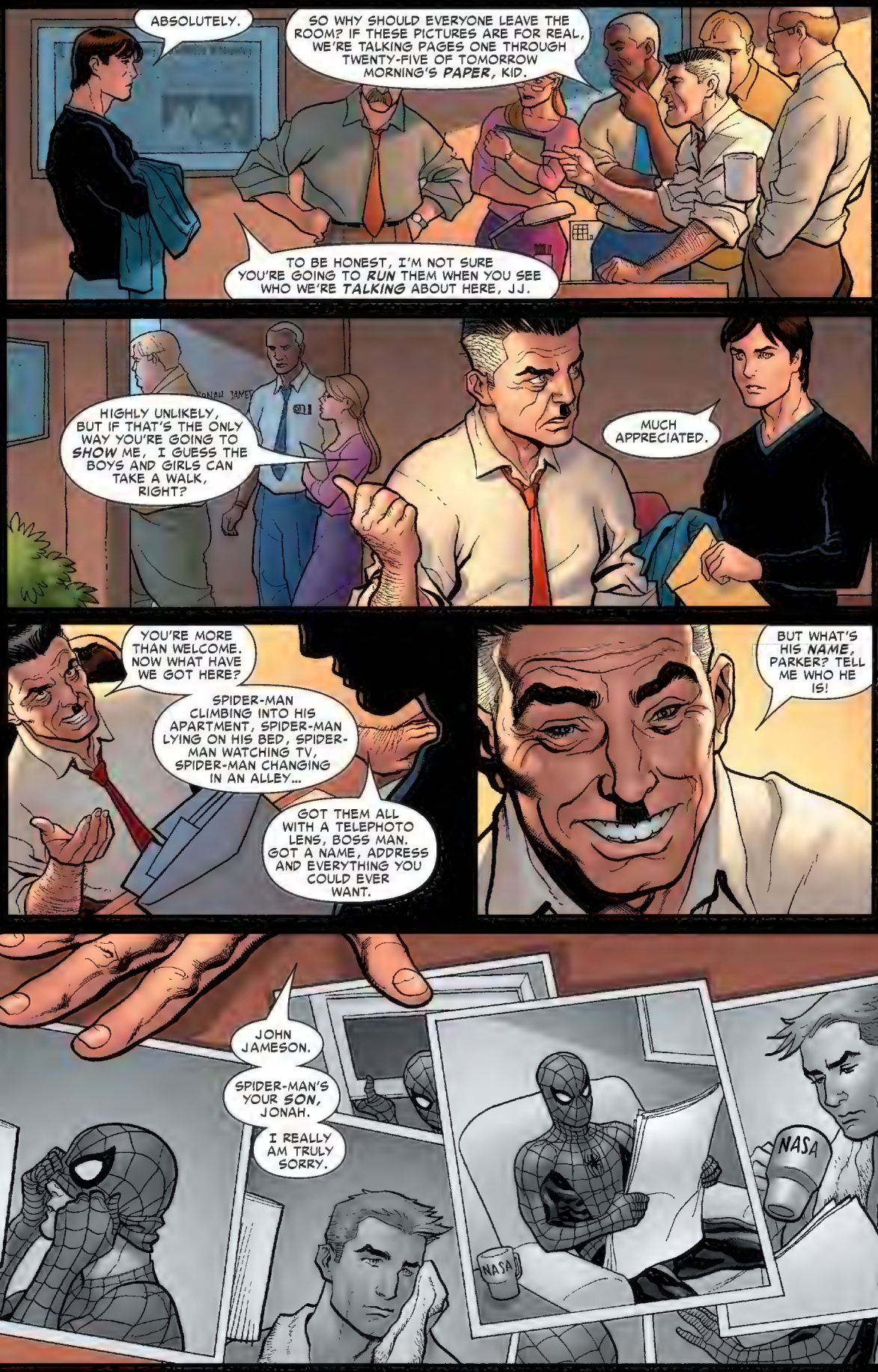
STAY FOCUSED, ANGELO! FIGHT BACK, YOU LITTLE RUNT! FIGHT BACK OR I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF!
I CAN'T. HE'S TOO GOOD AT THIS. WHAT CHANCE DOES SOMEONE LIKE ME HAVE AGAINST SPIDER-MAN, FOR GOD'S SAKE? I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LISTENED TO YOU!
ANGELO! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING? DO YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH THIS IS GOING TO DISAPPOINT YOUR FATHER?
DAD'S BEEN DISAPPOINTED IN ME SINCE THE SECOND I WAS BORN, MAN. THIS IS ALL JUST BUSINESS AS USUAL.
SIGH.
YOU KNOW YOUR PROBLEM, ANGELO...?
...YOU JUST DON'T HAVE ENOUGH VENOM!
JEEZUS! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO FIND SOMEONE ELSE. WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?
YOU'RE EVEN MORE PATHETIC THAN EDDIE BROCK ENDED UP.
Oh my God.

ANGELO! GO LIMP!
NO!
Oh no...
Only one shooter WORKING after the fight and the idiot used up all my WEB-FLUID.
ANGELO!!
MARY, MOTHER OF GOD...
MELONS

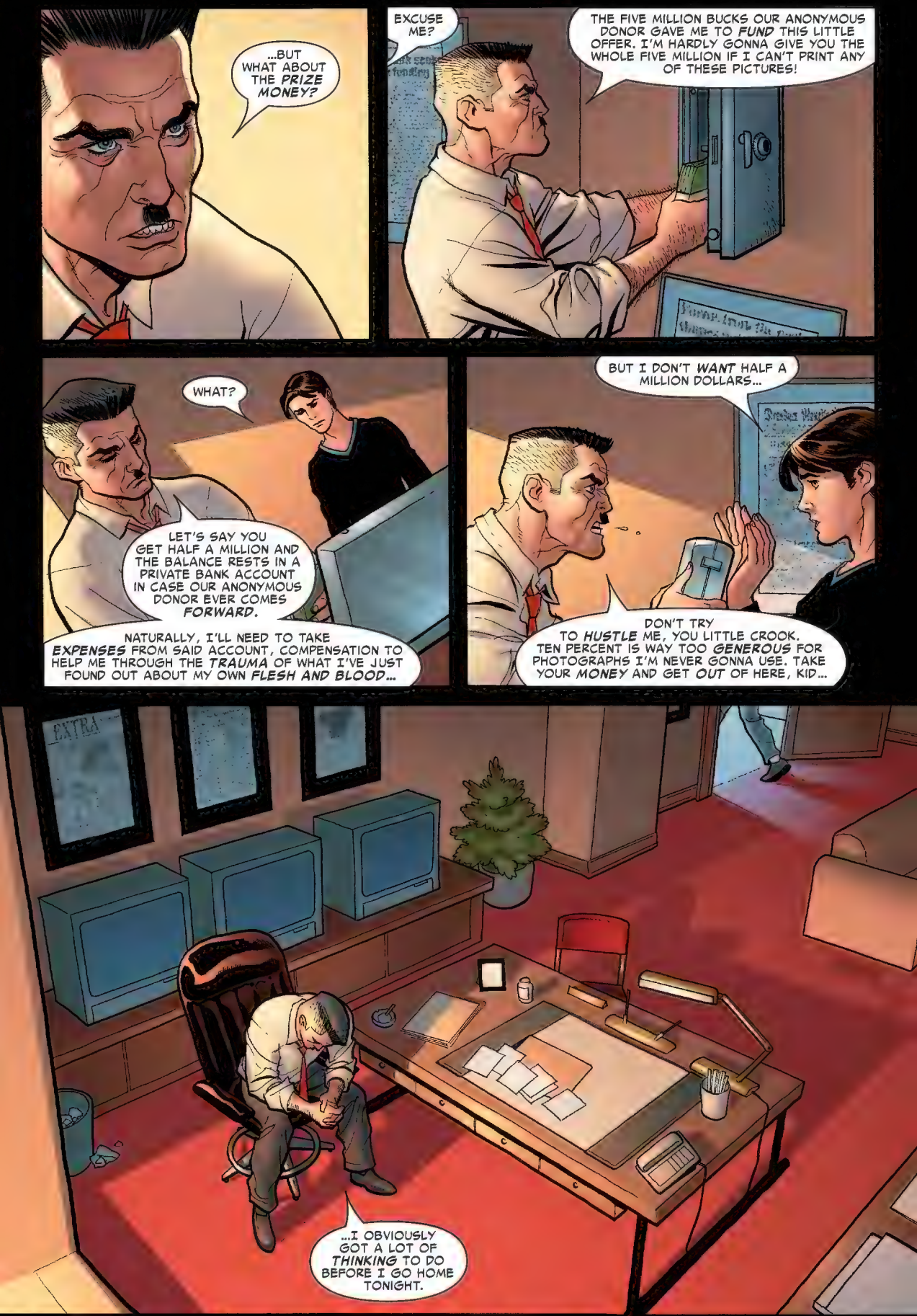

One hour later, Angelo's father shows up with all these fat uncles and cousins and the whole scene is ripped straight from The Sopranos.
The Don himself is finished. This was all he had left, but he looks strangely proud as he stands there and stares. Like he finally made something of the kid that endangered his legacy.


Poor EDDIE BROCK. He opened up his wrists at Fifty-Third and Broadway and doesn't look like he'll make the night.
He TRIED to be good. He tried to make up for all those horrible things he'd done in the past, but he's only unleashed the worst aspect of himself now...a MONSTER without a CONSCIENCE.
Of course, Brock's not the ONLY one with blood on his hands tonight. That's the third death in as many days thanks to this stupid, five million dollar competition the Daily Bugle's been running.
Jameson's completely out of control here. SALES might be going through the roof, but I have to stop this now before anyone else DIES. The only question is...

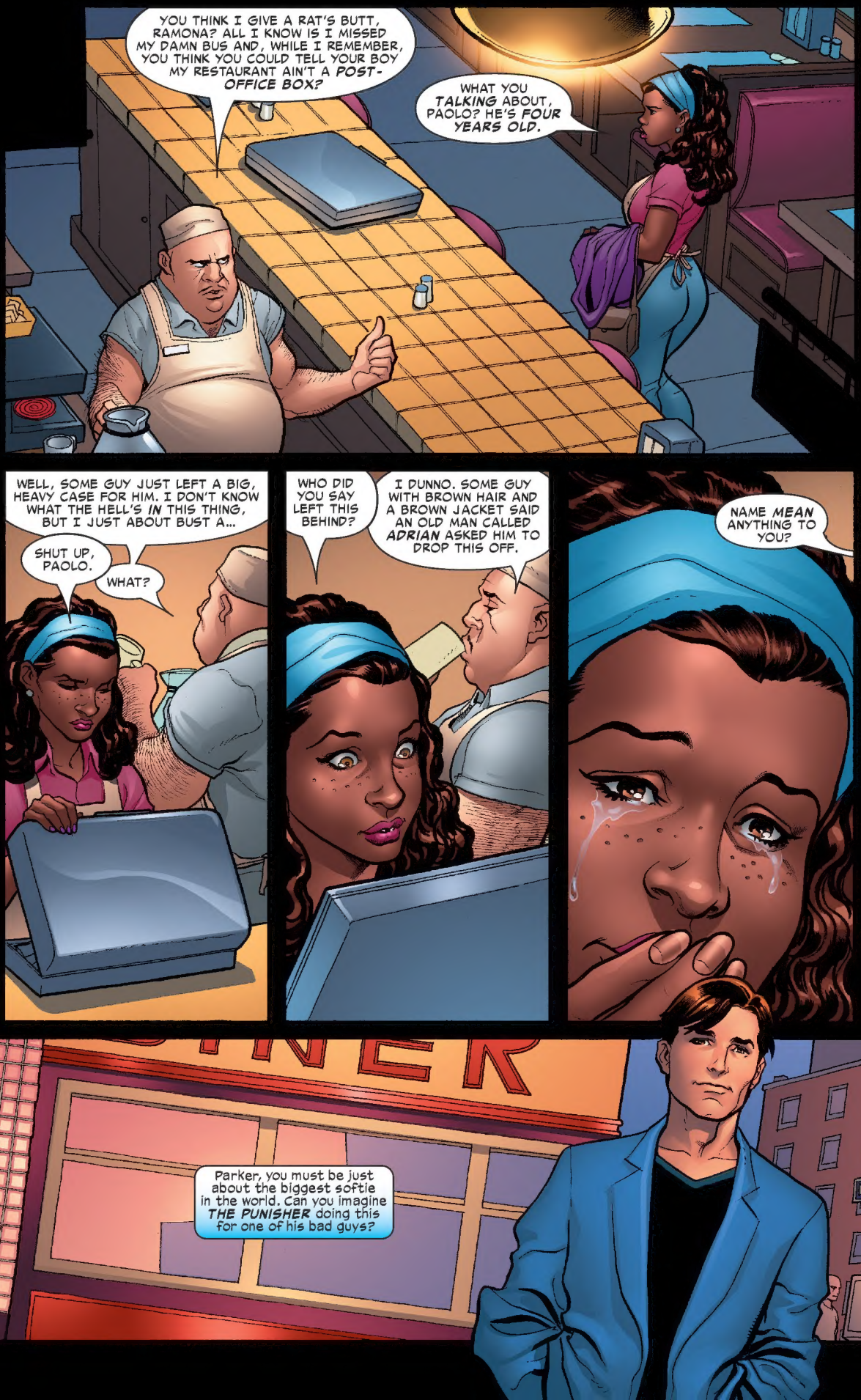
...am I sneaky enough to pull this off?
WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE.
WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU SAYING HERE, PARKER? ARE YOU TELLING ME YOU'VE WON THIS COMPETITION? YOU'VE FIGURED OUT WHO SPIDER-MAN REALLY IS?
DAILY BUG


ABSOLUTELY.
SO WHY SHOULD EVERYONE LEAVE THE ROOM? IF THESE PICTURES ARE FOR REAL, WE'RE TALKING PAGES ONE THROUGH TWENTY-FIVE OF TOMORROW MORNING'S PAPER, KID.
TO BE HONEST, I'M NOT SURE YOU'RE GOING TO RUN THEM WHEN YOU SEE WHO WE'RE TALKING ABOUT HERE, JJ.
HIGHLY UNLIKELY, BUT IF THAT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU'RE GOING TO SHOW ME, I GUESS THE BOYS AND GIRLS CAN TAKE A WALK, RIGHT?
MUCH APPRECIATED.
YOU'RE MORE THAN WELCOME. NOW WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE?
SPIDER-MAN CLIMBING INTO HIS APARTMENT, SPIDER-MAN LYING ON HIS BED, SPIDER-MAN WATCHING TV, SPIDER-MAN CHANGING IN AN ALLEY...
GOT THEM ALL WITH A TELEPHOTO LENS, BOSS MAN. GOT A NAME, ADDRESS AND EVERYTHING YOU COULD EVER WANT.
BUT WHAT'S HIS NAME, PARKER? TELL ME WHO HE IS!
JOHN JAMESON.
SPIDER-MAN'S YOUR SON, JONAH.
I REALLY AM TRULY SORRY.
NASA
NASA

WHAT?
WE'VE HAD A DEAL GOING BACK YEARS, JONAH. I TOOK THE PICTURES AND JOHN GOT A CUT OF THE CASH. HOW DO YOU THINK I GOT ALL THOSE EXCLUSIVES? HOW DO YOU THINK I GOT ALL THOSE CLOSE-UP SHOTS?
B-BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. SPIDER-MAN SAVED JOHN FROM THAT SHUTTLE ACCIDENT. THEY EVEN HAD A COUPLE OF FIGHTS WHEN JOHN-JOHN HAD HIS LITTLE PROBLEM A FEW YEARS BACK.
THAT A FACT?
YOU NEVER READ COMIC BOOKS GROWING UP? YOU NEVER SEE THE STUNTS SUPER HEROES PULL TO TO PROTECT THEIR SECRET IDENTITIES?
WHY ELSE DO YOU THINK SPIDER-MAN'S BEEN PLAYING GAGS ON HIS OLD MAN ALL THESE YEARS? HE'S BEEN DOING EVERYTHING HE COULD TO THROW PEOPLE OFF THE SCENT.
OH MY GOD.
ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS, PARKER?
HE'S USING JOHN'S BATHROOM HERE, JONAH.
BUT WHY WOULDN'T HE TELL ME?
WHO KNOWS? MAYBE HE JUST DIDN'T LIKE WHAT YOU WERE WRITING ABOUT HIM.
EITHER WAY, JOHN ASKED ME NEVER TO TELL YOU ANY OF THIS... WHICH IS WHY I'M GUESSING YOU'LL DO THE DECENT THING AND NEVER ACTUALLY PRINT THESE PICTURES?
OF COURSE. OF COURSE. HOW COULD I PRINT PICTURES OF MY OWN SON? THE COMPETITION'S DEAD AND BURIED, PARKER...


...BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PRIZE MONEY?
EXCUSE ME?
THE FIVE MILLION BUCKS OUR ANONYMOUS DONOR GAVE ME TO FUND THIS LITTLE OFFER. I'M HARDLY GONNA GIVE YOU THE WHOLE FIVE MILLION IF I CAN'T PRINT ANY OF THESE PICTURES!
WHAT?
LET'S SAY YOU GET HALF A MILLION AND THE BALANCE RESTS IN A PRIVATE BANK ACCOUNT IN CASE OUR ANONYMOUS DONOR EVER COMES FORWARD.
NATURALLY, I'LL NEED TO TAKE EXPENSES FROM SAID ACCOUNT, COMPENSATION TO HELP ME THROUGH THE TRAUMA OF WHAT I'VE JUST FOUND OUT ABOUT MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD...
BUT I DON'T WANT HALF A MILLION DOLLARS...
DON'T TRY TO HUSTLE ME, YOU LITTLE CROOK. TEN PERCENT IS WAY TOO GENEROUS FOR PHOTOGRAPHS I'M NEVER GONNA USE. TAKE YOUR MONEY AND GET OUT OF HERE, KID...
EXTRA
...I OBVIOUSLY GOT A LOT OF THINKING TO DO BEFORE I GO HOME TONIGHT.

Just keep walking, Peter. Stay cool. Stay cool. You turn down this cash and Jonah's going to see right through you, man. You've got to act like everything's kosher or you blow this thing wide open.
But you can't keep this money. It's a HALF A MILLION DOLLARS, for God's sake.
So what? Whoever donated this cash is probably the same person who murdered Aunt May. He only did this to slowly drive me nuts. I DESERVE a little good luck for a change.
But it doesn't BELONG to you, Peter. You haven't earned it.
What are you talking about? I've been shot, stabbed, electrocuted and run over since this guy started wrecking my life. I've earned this money TEN TIMES OVER.
DODSON'S
If you can't give it back you have to give it away, Peter.
Are you INSANE? This could wipe out all those DEBTS Mary Jane rung up. This money could be the answer to all our problems.
But it's not YOUR money, Peter.
JAMESON seemed happy enough.
But it's NOT YOUR MONEY.
Oh God.
FACE IT, Tiger. You were just too WELL-RAISED...
DINE
THE HOME OF
SORRY I'M LATE, PAOLO. MY KID JUST WOULDN'T LET ME OUT THE DOOR TONIGHT. I THINK HE MUSTA CRIED HIMSELF TO SLEEP.


YOU THINK I GIVE A RAT'S BUTT, RAMONA? ALL I KNOW IS I MISSED MY DAMN BUS AND, WHILE I REMEMBER, YOU THINK YOU COULD TELL YOUR BOY MY RESTAURANT AIN'T A POST-OFFICE BOX?
WHAT YOU TALKING ABOUT, PAOLO? HE'S FOUR YEARS OLD.
WELL, SOME GUY JUST LEFT A BIG, HEAVY CASE FOR HIM. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL'S IN THIS THING, BUT I JUST ABOUT BUST A...
SHUT UP, PAOLO.
WHAT?
WHO DID YOU SAY LEFT THIS BEHIND?
I DUNNO. SOME GUY WITH BROWN HAIR AND A BROWN JACKET SAID AN OLD MAN CALLED ADRIAN ASKED HIM TO DROP THIS OFF.
NAME MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
Parker, you must be just about the biggest softie in the world. Can you imagine THE PUNISHER doing this for one of his bad guys?

Two days after the incident, Mary Jane and I are asked to give a statement about Venom injuring all my classmates and murdering poor Seymour O'Reilly.
All the time we're talking, I'm thinking how PATHETIC this is and how I've had to lie through my teeth since the moment I first sewed this MASK together.
DETECTIVE
SORRY. THOUGHT I HAD MY CELL PHONE SWITCHED OFF.
As soon as I find Aunt May's killer, this stupid costume is going in the trash and STAYING there this time.
HELLO?
SORRY, IT'S HIS AUNT. SHE'S REALLY OLD AND SHE'S ALWAYS CALLING TO SEE IF HE CAN DO STUFF FOR HER.
HELLO, PETER. THAT WAS AN INTERESTING WAY TO SPEND YOUR SHARE OF THE MONEY I GAVE TO JAMESON. BUT WHAT ABOUT EDDIE BROCK?
IT'S ALWAYS A SHAME TO LOSE A COLLEAGUE LIKE THAT, BUT HE JUST DIDN'T FIT IN WITH THE PLANS WE HAVE FOR YOUR NEW AND IMPROVED ROGUES GALLERY.
WHAT? IS THIS YOU?
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU FOR THIS. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME? I'M GOING TO HUNT YOU DOWN AND KILL YOU FOR MURDERING MY AUNT MAY.
WELL, LET'S NOT GET AHEAD OF OURSELVES, SHALL WE? THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE INVOLVED IN THIS SITUATION, PETER, AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH YOU'VE JUST SEEN THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG SO FAR.
WHAT WERE THOSE COPS DOING WITH OTTO OCTAVIUS? WHY IS OSBORN IN SUCH TERRIBLE DANGER? WHY HAS DEAR OLD AUNT MAY BEEN INTEGRAL TO ALL MY PLANS?

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